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FRANCE AND ITALY.

GARIBALDI'S advance on Rome, and the despatch of a French army to Civita Vecchia, open another and yet more painful chapter in the strange history now being acted before our eyes. The fear we expressed last week that the agitator, had he really reached the mainland (which was then doubtful), would revive the abortive movement of the week before, has proved but too true. The insurrection has again burst out, and the French are once more on Italian territory. The course which the King of Italy should have taken under these circumstances was clear, but it was not followed until it was too late to be of any service. He should have immediately directed his own army to cross the frontier—not as an auxiliary to Garibaldi's band, not as an act of hostility to the Pope, still less with any desire to provoke a collision with France, but with a view to a joint occupation of the Papal territory. It is understood that the advice of Signor Rattazzi was to send an army to Rome directly the French threatened to renew their occupation; but this bold policy was over-ruled, and the Minister resigned his post. Such a step would have had its perils; but what course is now open to Italy of which the same might not be said? It would at least have been dignified even in failure, and would have answered to the wishes of the Italian people, while at the same time giving check to the revolutionary party. The position which the King now occupies is at once dangerous and discreditable. He humiliates himself in the sight of Europe, and lowers the national flag at the bidding of a foreign sovereign. He admits by implication that the rebukes of France are just, and allows a French army to do the work which, if done at all, should be done by himself. In the proclamation he has addressed to the Italian people, he speaks of the "inexorable debt of honour" imposed by "international stipulations sanctioned by Parliament," and expresses a feeling of confidence that the Italian citizens who have crossed the frontier will at once withdraw upon being reminded of the obligations of the Government. The time has passed when public events could be controlled by words such as these. At the period when this proclamation was issued—last Sunday evening—Victor Emmanuel knew that a French army was on its way to Civita Vecchia, and that Garibaldi was close to Rome. He cannot have supposed that either would turn back because of this idle declaration of principles which the Government made no attempt to carry out, and which they must have doubted their power to carry out. After a week's vain endeavours, Cialdini was obliged to confess himself as unable to assert a policy of rigorous repression as Rattazzi had been; and, disappointed in an attempt to induce Rattazzi to resume office, the King placed the task of forming a Ministry in the hands of General Menabrea. The Royal proclamation seems to have been the first act in which the new Cabinet participated; and it does not say much for their power of mastering the difficulties of the day. The Government, indeed, holds out but little prospect of permanence, and it may at any moment be swept away by the gusty forces which are now threatening the very existence of Italy as a nation. Menabrea himself is known as a politician and an officer of eminence; but his subordinates are persons of no repute, and it is impossible to infer from their names what course they are likely to pursue. At present, all we can gather of their intentions is to be derived from

the fact that they have resolved on crossing the frontiers, and that an Italian force is now in the Papal States. But the step, it is to be feared, comes too late. On the first menace from France, two courses lay before the King, either of which would have had a chance of success to compensate for its hazards. He should have suspended the Constitution, proclaimed martial law, and coerced the Garibaldians by the direct arm of the soldiery; or he should have ordered his troops to cross the frontier, as the immediate and peremptory answer of Italy to the threats of French intervention. Either course would have been characterized by boldness and honesty; but it is needless to say that the latter would have been the most consistent with the previous life of the King and with the feelings of the nation. We doubt, too, whether it would have been as dangerous as might at first sight appear. Had the Italian army reached Rome before the French, which they might readily have done, being so much nearer, it is not likely that the latter would have endeavoured to turn them out, especially as it is understood that Prussia has declared that an attack on Italy by France would be considered by her as a *casus belli*. A joint occupation would therefore have resulted, and a speedy and peaceable settlement of the Roman difficulty might have been negotiated between the two Powers. With the Italian army actually in Rome, Garibaldi would undoubtedly have foregone his enterprise, and the Pope would probably have found it to his interest to make peace with a Power which he would then have found was his master, instead of being at once his enemy and his servant.

Neither of these courses was followed by the King. In the early part of last week, Garibaldi was known to be in Florence; yet the Government of General Cialdini (if that could be called a Government which was never fully formed) did not dare to arrest him. He harangued the people openly from his balcony; he treated with Cialdini like an independent Power; he declared his intentions, and refused to be dissuaded; and he departed from Florence at the head of a revolutionary band, sworn to deliver Rome, or die. The Government made no attempt to bar his passage, and it is certain that they could not have done so, and met the outbreak which such an act would have occasioned, without resorting to a species of military *coup-d'état*. The success of so extreme a measure would have been doubtful, and we should not have blamed the King for refusing to oppose the nation if he had not equally abstained from placing himself at its head. In seasons of danger and excitement, nothing is so calculated to invite disaster as hesitation and weakness of will. By the imbecility of his conduct, Victor Emmanuel has at once offended the Liberal party (including the moderate Liberals as well as the Garibaldians), and irritated the French Government. It would be impossible to say whom he has satisfied. The priests will not regard him as any the less their enemy because he has uttered a few commonplaces about "the supreme spiritual authority of the head of the Catholic religion;" the nation will not recognise him as their leader because, from sheer weakness, he has allowed Garibaldi to lead a republican expedition from Florence to Rome. Probably he is animated by as good intentions now as in the days of Novara and Solferino; we have no reason to suppose that he is actuated by any unpatriotic motives, and it will not be denied that the circumstances by which he is surrounded are of the most difficult

and painful character. But it is only too clear that he has not the ability or the force of will to override those circumstances, and turn them to a means either of signal success or of honourable failure. He resigns himself to the current of events with a pitiable helplessness, and dismisses the only Minister who has shown evidence of a capacity and a boldness equal to the gravity of the occasion. Even if he had made himself more thoroughly the instrument of France, he might have been in a better position, degrading as that position would have been. As it is, he has thrown upon the Emperor the disagreeable necessity (as he assumes to think it) of sending another expedition to Rome. We can well believe that the French ruler would gladly have been spared the undertaking of such a task a second time. The seventeen years' occupation of the Eternal City by the French troops was a piece of thankless drudgery, involving a large amount of outlay, locking up a portion of the French army which might be wanted for other purposes, and compromising the character of the Government and nation with the whole of Liberal Europe, while it failed to mollify the rancour of the Ultramontanists, who never lost an opportunity of reviling Napoleon III. as another Judas. That the Emperor was glad to get away from Rome cannot be doubted; that he is irritated at having to go back, is probable enough. The Marquis de Moustier, in explaining to the French diplomatic agents abroad the reasons for this step, asserts very emphatically that the Government "do not wish in any wise to revive an occupation of whose gravity no one is better aware" than they are. As soon as the independence of the Pontiff is established, the French troops, we are assured, will withdraw, and France will seek a final settlement of the question in combination with the other European Powers. The studied moderation of the Marquis's language is commendable, considering the excitements of the hour; but the feeling between the French and Italian Governments at the present moment is that of mutual distrust and mutual dislike.

For the real cause of all the mischief, however, we must look to him who is now beleaguering Rome under conditions so touching, and with a courage and devotion so heroic, that, while we condemn his errors, we cannot help admiring the man. Garibaldi has done so much for Italy, and is in many respects so noble a character, that we cannot admit the fitness of the language which the *Times* has recently been applying to him. But it is unfortunately not to be denied that his influence for some years past has been thoroughly mischievous. Nothing can exceed the folly of his conduct during the last three months. He has endangered the unity of his country in endeavouring to precipitate the settlement of a question which must have found its solution in the course of a very few years; and if Italy is destroyed by the agitation now rending it to the centre, the ruin of a grand experiment will undoubtedly lie mainly at the door of the noble-hearted, weak-minded, impatient, irritable egotist, who has made his very patriotism the greatest source of danger to the Italy which he loves and would die to serve.

MR. DISRAELI AT EDINBURGH.

MR. DISRAELI has evidently a strong taste for the art of mimicry as applied to politics. During the course of last session he did his best to copy the style and manner of Lord Palmerston as leader of the House of Commons; and he has just given another imitation of the noble lord in that free and easy conversation which he held from the window of a railway-carriage with a crowd at the Hawick railway station. In the opening of his speech at Edinburgh, Earl Russell was evidently his model. The Treaty of Utrecht played the part which Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights habitually fill in the noble earl's addresses; while the Tory statesmen of the early part of the eighteenth century were made to give very much the same countenance to the present Government which Lord Somers has so often been compelled to extend to the measures of the Whig leader. If we may judge from the accounts transmitted to us by the admiring penny-a-liner, who hung on Mr. Disraeli's skirts as he journeyed North, the performance at Hawick was by no means unsuccessful; and, as a mere work of art, the same may perhaps be said of that at Edinburgh. But, as a matter of policy, it was hardly judicious to trace the Liberalism of the present Government back to the Liberalism of Bolingbroke and Wyndham. The comparison suggested may not be unfair; but it is certainly not flattering to Lord Derby's Administration. The men who, under George I., clamoured for extended suffrage, short Parliaments, and vote by ballot, had but a few years before been the authors of the intolerant and oppressive measures which dis-

graced the latter part of the reign of Anne; and their spurious liberality was merely taken up as a means of overturning the constitutional monarchy of the House of Hanover and restoring to England the manifold blessings of a Stuart dynasty. The contrast between Bolingbroke as Minister and Bolingbroke as a political writer is hardly greater than that between Mr. Disraeli as leader of the Opposition and Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer; nor can it be doubted that political conversions may be effected as readily by the hope of gaining, as by mortification at the loss of power. The parallel may, indeed, be carried still further, if we adopt Lord Malmesbury's account of the motives which actuated the present Government in adopting household suffrage. There is a strong resemblance between the policy of extending the suffrage in order to bring back the Pretender, and that of giving votes to the masses in order that the Liberalism of the educated and intelligent portion of the working classes may be swamped by the Conservatism of the ignorant and unreflecting *residuum*. We readily admit that Mr. Disraeli is entitled to quote the authority of his favourite Tory statesman in favour of the course which he pursued during the last session, but that authority does no more than lend a sanction as superfluous as it is questionable to the line of conduct which Lord Derby frankly avowed, in telling the House of Lords that he would not be made a "stop gap" a third time, and that he had, therefore, adopted such measures as were calculated to prevent his being ousted from power.

It was scarcely necessary to prove by an elaborate narrative of the events of the last fifteen years that no Government could hope to retain office in 1867 without dealing with the question of Reform. But if Mr. Disraeli did undertake the office of an historian, he should not have omitted all notice of the circumstance which, more than anything else, contributed to the pressure under which Lord Derby found himself. While we fully concede that the unsatisfactory position which the Reform question occupied for many years was due to the trifling and to the insincerity of previous Liberal Governments, we must equally insist that the salutary change which was wrought in 1866 was mainly due to the firmness and resolution displayed by Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone in resigning office on the defeat of their Bill. No one, however, has ever denied, as Mr. Disraeli seems to imagine, that the Tories had a right to touch this question and to deal with it if they could. What has been said is that, consistently with the principles which they avowed in Opposition, they had no right to deal with it in the way they have done. A Tory Reform Bill is perfectly conceivable—we had one in 1859; but a Radical Reform Bill from Tories is a thing not so easily reconcilable to our preconceived notions of party honour and principle. What the public who take any interest in the character of public men wish to know is, how the same politicians who, up to the present year, resisted any "degradation" of the borough franchise, who contended that the great object which a statesman should keep in view was the perpetuation of the balance between the different classes in the State, and who maintained that even a £7 borough franchise was objectionable, inasmuch as it would enable the working classes to swamp the middle classes—can now with any decency appear before the world as the responsible authors of a measure far more extensive and far more democratic than the most extreme of those from which they predicted the inevitable ruin of the country? To that question Mr. Disraeli does not even profess to give any answer. He does not attempt to reconcile the professions which he made when out of office with his acts when in office. The only light that he throws on this part of the subject is contained in a sentence of so singular a kind that we must quote it in his own words:—"I had to prepare the mind of the country, and—if it be not too arrogant to use such a phrase—to educate our party. It is a large party, and requires its attention to be called to questions of this kind with some pressure. I had to prepare the mind of Parliament and the country on this question of Reform. This was not only with the concurrence of Lord Derby, but of my colleagues." We leave the Conservative party and the right hon. gentleman to settle between them the question whether the right hon. gentleman was or was not guilty of arrogance in assuming the position which he represents himself as occupying towards his followers; but we must say that if he has been for the last few years "educating" the Tories up to the point of embracing household suffrage, he has taken the most extraordinary means to arrive at that consummation. Not only is there no speech of his before the present year in which so large an extension of the suffrage is favoured, but in speech after speech he opposed a much smaller extension, and opposed it on the ground that it would lead to the very measure which he now represents as having been long the goal towards which his policy was directed. In arguing against the Bill of Mr. Gladstone in 1866, he affected

to be struck with horror at the idea of what he called the "monstrous constituency" which would be created by the reduction of the borough qualification from £10 to £5. "You would then," he said, "have a constituency who would return to Parliament members holding the same ideas, the same opinions, the same sentiments; and all that variety which represents the English character would then be lost." It is certainly difficult to understand how the monotony of a £5 franchise could be relieved by going down to household suffrage. And if we were not now informed that Mr. Disraeli was even then preparing the Conservative mind for the latter measure we should have thought that this idea had not even entered his mind at the time he made the speech in question, for he then went on to say, "It would certainly be injudicious, not to say intolerable, when we are guarding against the predominance of a territorial aristocracy, and the predominance of a manufacturing and commercial aristocracy, that we should reform Parliament by securing the predominance of a household democracy." That is the sort of "education" which the Conservatives underwent while the right hon. gentleman was in Opposition; and it is really carrying audacity to a point at which it is usually characterized by a much stronger word, to tell us that it was of such a character as to bring the mind of the party into its present ostensibly Radical condition! We cannot undertake to say that Mr. Disraeli may not have all along believed in household suffrage; but if he did he not only kept the secret—but kept it by leading everybody to believe that he held a directly opposite opinion.

Mr. Disraeli attempts, by an examination of the points on which he says he insisted during the last few years, to make out that the present measure is substantially that at which the Tories have long been aiming. But even if we admit that it embodies more or less the five points on which the right hon. gentleman dwells so elaborately, we cannot forget that there used to be a sixth point; and that although all mention of it is now dropped, it really outweighs the other five taken together. The non-disfranchisement and the non-grouping of boroughs, the issue of a boundary commission, and the increase of county representatives, are important in their way, but they are, after all, only means to obtain the great end which the Conservatives always insisted must be kept in view in any Reform Bill—that of not allowing the middle and upper classes to be swamped by the lower. We are now, indeed, told that this is of no importance, that we are all Englishmen alike, and that the working classes may be just as safely trusted as any one else. Perhaps so, but that was not the language used when the Reform Bill of Mr. Gladstone was to be opposed. Those who now laugh at the idea of danger from an addition of half a million to the constituency, are the men who then saw something like revolution in an addition of 300,000. Of course we quite agree with Mr. Disraeli in the confidence which he expresses in the new constituency; but we cannot understand how it is that if he has always entertained it, he opposed the Liberal Reform Bill as too narrow, derided Mr. Gladstone for talking of "our own flesh and blood," and treated us to alarming dissertations on the power of combination, and the disposition to use it possessed by the working classes. We confess to a similar inability to follow the argument by which he proved to his own satisfaction and that of his audience, that the Government did not deviate from the policy with which they commenced last session. It is true that they succeeded in retaining rating as a qualification for the borough franchise; but it is idle to say that it is the same thing to retain that qualification when compounding is abolished, as it would have been if that system had been maintained. In the boroughs in which it prevailed it would unquestionably have kept a large number off the register, who will now come on in consequence of Mr. Hodgkinson's amendment; and there can be no doubt that at the commencement of the session the operation of the "fine" which a compound householder would have to pay in order to become a voter, was relied upon by the Conservatives as one of the "securities" against an undue extension of the franchise. Nor is that all. If Mr. Disraeli now thinks lightly of the dual vote, the two years' residence, and the fancy franchises, we must be permitted to remind him that that was not the tone in which they were spoken of when they were first introduced to the attention of the House; nor would their operation, combined with that of the fine upon the compound householder have been trivial in amount or equal in character. It has been shown under the Reform Bill as it was originally introduced by Mr. Disraeli, not more than about 100,000 of the working classes would have been placed on the register; while this vertical extension of the suffrage would have been counterbalanced by an addition of between 200,000 and 300,000

to the voting power of the middle classes, through the dual vote and the fancy franchises. Under the Act as it was finally passed, about 400,000 of the working classes will be enfranchised, and something like 150,000 or 200,000 of the middle classes. And yet we are told that the principle on which the Bill was founded was identical with that on which the Act was moulded! It is impossible that even Mr. Disraeli's ingenuity can give more than momentary plausibility to such a proposition; and although he ventured to repeat at Edinburgh the extraordinary statement which he once made in the House of Commons, that he was propelled in his liberal course by the impulse which he received from his own supporters: that is certainly not the way in which the history of last session is understood by the public at large—no, not even by Conservatives themselves. It is a history of concessions extorted by the Opposition—we care not whether by Mr. Gladstone or by the "tea-room" party—and submitted to by the Government as the sole means of retaining the places into which they had climbed. It is the history of a party and its leaders deliberately forsaking every principle which they had previously professed, in order to escape the penalty which fidelity to their convictions would have entailed. It is the history of extensive and sweeping alterations introduced into the constitution of the country by those whose *raison d'être* as a political combination was the preservation of that constitution in its integrity. We should be sorry if such a history did not excite the indignation of honest and high-minded men of both political parties; nor do we think that the edge of their condemnation will be blunted by comparing it to the unanimity of the "boots" of the "Blue Boar" and the chambermaid of the "Red Lion" in denouncing the infamy of railways. Whatever Mr. Disraeli may think, a regard for political honour and consistency is not yet, like an old stage-coach, an exploded thing in England.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

In estimating the influence that the four recent elections in the United States are likely to exert upon the national politics of that country, it is important to remember that such influence must, for the present, be purely inferential. They were State elections, and with the exception of one representative elected to fill a vacancy in Ohio, any effect they can have upon the issues to be decided at Washington, will be moral. It is true that the State Legislatures elect the national senators, but these senators are so elected as to modify the *personnel* of that body but very slowly, and none of them could send help to the President until just as he will no longer need it, even under the supposition that he should continue to the natural term of his office. It is due to these facts that local issues assumed a paramount importance in the legislative elections, and also that so many anomalies appear in the returns. For example, in the State of Ohio, whilst a Legislature has been elected with a Democratic majority of ten (superseding one in which the Republicans had a majority of forty-six), the Governor, State Treasurer, and all other officers elected, are Republican-radicals, and the candidate who ran for Congress upon the "Johnson policy" received but 91 votes out of 18,998 cast in the district which had the vacancy to fill. While Mr. Hayes, the Governor-elect of Ohio, has been for many years an abolitionist and a friend of negro equality, the State has voted down a proposition to supersede by manhood suffrage the present absurd law disfranchising every man with five-eighths of negro blood. These anomalies can only be explained by a careful scrutiny of the local characteristics of the struggle. Ohio has a larger number of Germans than any other Western State, the city of Cincinnati alone having nearly 70,000 of that race. These have invariably voted for negro freedom, and have given the State, which was once Democratic, to the Republicans on the slavery question. But it is a part of the German belief in freedom that their lager-bier and their Sunday recreations shall be freely enjoyed; and it was because of the invasion of these by the Republican Legislature that they have thrown that assembly into the hands of the Democracy, whilst reserving the general administration of the State to the Republicans. And though the voting down of negro enfranchisement—by a majority far from "overwhelming," by the way, as was at first stated—shows that there was a considerable defection on a question of national importance, it is necessary to bear in mind that it was by no means on the question of negro enfranchisement pure and simple that this vote, of which so much has been said, was taken. The proposition voted on not only enfranchised negroes, but also disfranchised "deserters, rebels, and those who fled from the draft" during the recent war, and there could be no vote cast for one without the other. This

associated disfranchising clause proved to be a much more objectionable one than it might at first sight appear. A very large number of soldiers belonging to the State of Ohio had at the close of the civil war hurried informally but not criminally (in the general estimation) back to their homes. These had been technically entered on the books of the War Department at Washington as "deserters." As many as between fifteen and twenty thousand persons in Ohio would have been disfranchised by this double-barrelled amendment. Not only was public opinion averse to disfranchising and branding men who so long as the war lasted had remained at their posts, but these very soldiers had votes, which were, of course, solidly thrown against the clause in question.

In Pennsylvania, the only other State which has elected any Democrats, an entirely different set of causes seem to have operated. Here the Democracy seem to have succeeded by borrowing, so to speak, Republican thunder. They repudiated the President freely, and nominated men of noted loyalty to the Union—three of them popular officers in the late war—for office. Judge Sharswood, who was elected to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, though a Democrat, was very generally conceded to be a man of superior ability to his antagonist, and at the same time of such unobjectionable politics that a veteran Republican lawyer of Philadelphia, David Paul Brown, published a pamphlet urging Republicans to ignore their party and vote for him, which many of them did. He was elected by a majority of 1,700 in a poll of over 500,000 votes. There was no national principle or question involving the negro brought forward by the Republicans in the Pennsylvania election; the parties seem to have stood on an equality in those matters; and, consequently, the Democratic victory there should be considered with caution in connection with the great issues between the President and Congress.

The same explanations will, however, hardly apply to the State of Indiana, where the Republicans have succeeded only by a majority of about 25,000 as against one of over 35,000 by which they carried the same State last year. It is true that there was a liquor question in Indiana also, but many facts seem to show that the most exciting issues were those of general politics. But to offset the reaction here the Republicans have carried the adjoining State of Iowa by a majority implying gains over last year almost equal to those of the Democracy in Indiana.

One thing is sufficiently apparent in all these returns, that the political elements in America are as yet in too unbalanced and agitated a condition to warrant any very confident predictions. In 1862, immediately following President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation, the Republicans lost the State of Ohio by 5,000; the next year they carried it by 100,000 majority. It will be prudent to await the elections of next year, which will bear immediately upon national questions, before deciding upon the permanence or significance of those in which local and partisan matters seem to have been undistinguishably mingled. Nevertheless, it cannot be overlooked that notwithstanding its many local divisions, and the enormous exertions of their opponents, the Radicals have, with comparatively slight exceptions, been sustained in the recent elections. Democratic gains cannot be made to answer the ends of Democratic majorities. The Republicans may admit that the advancing and uncompromising Radicalism of Congress have been succeeded by defections on the part of their more Conservative adherents. They must long since have anticipated that the large number of politicians whose principles will not suffer them to remain on any side opposed to the appointing Power, would either abandon them when the President did, or at least not aid them actively. Such a strong policy as that of Congress was not less likely to be followed by some shock to their organization than the emancipation policy of Mr. Lincoln, which promised at one time to wreck their party. Nevertheless, by whatever diminished majorities, the recent elections have on the whole been favourable to Congress. Out of eight elections which have occurred within the last few months—Tennessee, Maine, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, California, and Pennsylvania—only the last three have been carried by the Democrats, one of which (Kentucky) has always been Democratic.

That these elections will exert a considerable influence upon the course of affairs at Washington would appear certain. Already there seem to be authentic reports that President Johnson has interpreted them as favourable to himself, and is contemplating the reconstruction of his Cabinet with a view to very decided measures toward Congress. Judging by some of his antecedents, the Republicans may not unreasonably hope to gain from his rashness more than they have lost at the polls. It is too soon, however, to prophecy that the course of Congress will be materially altered by the defections from their ranks.

It is more probable that they will see that those defections render it more imperatively necessary that they should take care that the work of negro-enfranchisement be consummated. They certainly cannot hope to carry the next presidential election without the aid of the negroes, unless the ten Southern States he excluded for a longer time than any political party desires; and they cannot be sure of the Northern States so long as the negroes are shut out from the polls. It is probable, therefore, that Congress will come together with the determination to pass the Act which Mr. Thaddeus Stevens has announced his intention to propose, and forbid any State, North or South, to impose political or civil disabilities on account of race or colour. The Republican party cannot now fail to see that it must sink or swim with the negro. He is its *raison d'être*. As a mere party of men desiring to retain office, it can hardly hope to rival its older and more sagacious antagonist. We may therefore anticipate an unfaltering advance by the present Congress towards establishing the civil and political equality of the negro. But it may be doubted whether the prospects of pressing the impeachment of the President have not been diminished by the elections. A majority of the Committee on Impeachment are said to be ready to report in favour of that step, but it is questioned if Congress will deem it wise to court a struggle with the President at a time when their own ranks are threatened with panic through the loss of Pennsylvania and California. This, however, will depend upon the next steps of the President, who, unhappily for himself, seems ignorant that his strength is to sit still. It is observable that whenever the President speaks or moves the Democrats denounce the Republicans for having given the country such a President. His impeachment, if it occurs, will probably be the expression of a national indignation rekindled by some wild imprudence of speech or action.

THE REFORM LEAGUE AND FENIANISM.

EVERYBODY knows that it is far more easy to injure than to promote a good cause. Illustrations of this truth are never long wanting, nor are they likely to be, so long as the Reform League continues to exist. It is difficult to say whether even during the agitation for an extension of the franchise, that association did more harm or good. If we credit it with organizing a few demonstrations, which were not without their effect on the nerves of the present Government, we must, on the other hand, debit it with all the disgust excited by the violent language and the absurd conduct of the knot of obscure agitators who played the principal parts in its council. At the best it was a body just useful to get up a meeting; but it never had the slightest pretence to express or guide public opinion. The assistance of Messrs. Beales, Odgers, Mantle, & Co., might be convenient enough in organizing a demonstration, but no one ever thought that such a conclave carried with them any authority, or were entitled to any weight in the discussion of national affairs. They showed, it is true, to some advantage in their contests with Mr. Walpole; but then that was an achievement within the reach of the humblest capacity. If ever they were useful, however, their utility ceased the moment the Reform Act was passed. As a general rule, the sooner a body which has been formed for the purpose of agitation dissolves when the necessity for agitation is at end, the better both for itself and for any cause or causes which it may take it into its head to promote. The best men are sure to drop off from it when the object for which they joined it has been gained; and the restless efforts of a "rump" to force themselves into notoriety, are sure to cast ridicule on any movement which they may honour with their support. The leaders of the Anti-Corn Law League were well aware of this truth; and although much was still wanting to the complete triumph of free-trade, they wisely dissolved that body immediately on the passage of the Act for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Unfortunately for themselves and for the Liberal party, on whose skirts they hang, the council of the Reform League are not disposed to perform the operation of the "happy despatch" upon themselves. They cannot forego the gratification of solemnly lecturing the people of England once a week, and of occasionally seeing their names duly reported in the journals which condescend to notice their proceedings. They seem to imagine that it is their vocation to become a sort of standing council of advice to the working classes, if not to the Liberal party generally. Now for that position they are ludicrously unfit. The nonsense they talk from time to time may be quoted by Tory journals as a means of alarming timid people with reference to the ultimate designs of Reformers; but any one can see that they are not the sort of people to guide the

policy of a nation or direct the action of a party. We scarcely thought, however, until within the last few days, that it was in their power to do much harm, or to mislead any one seriously as to the views of any section of the English public. Their proceedings with reference to Fenianism have shown that we underrated their capacity for mischief; for they have already furnished a text for much misrepresentation of the actual or probable opinions of the working classes in respect to that or other movements which may threaten the integrity of the empire.

The great mass of Englishmen are, we feel quite certain, willing and eager to redress the grievances under which Ireland still labours. But their readiness to do this, and their conviction that under an extended franchise they will have full power to do it, entitles them to resent with all the force of a national sentiment, any attempt on the part of a small section of the people in the sister country to disturb the tranquillity of the United Kingdom. Although Irishmen have had much, and have still something, to complain of, we cannot admit that under existing circumstances any appeal on their part to physical force is at all justifiable. Even if the Fenian movement were one really national in its character; if it embraced all classes of society; if it were a spontaneous growth of domestic discontent, instead of being fostered and stimulated by foreign agitations; if it took the form of fair and open rebellion, instead of isolated deeds of violence; if it had a reasonable chance of success, instead of being utterly and entirely useless for any other purpose than throwing the country into confusion, and distracting the attention of those who might usefully employ themselves in working for the peaceful redress of real grievances—even in that case we should all feel that it was both our right and our duty to suppress it with a strong hand. But being what it is, there is no excuse for a semi-sentimental toleration of a conspiracy which does not aim at the redress of any grievance, which has no support from the bulk of the Irish people, and whose course is marked by outrage and assassination. That opinion seems to be shared by Mr. Beales, who took occasion in the course of a letter which he addressed to the council of the League last week, to express in mild but still unambiguous language, his disapprobation of the Fenian projects and proceedings. "Had the Fenians," he said, "adopted that principle [the use of moral means] in Ireland, and had they enlisted and rallied public opinion in Ireland round a moral force instead of a physical force standard, they might now have been assisting to exercise an irresistible force for the benefit of both countries, instead of by violent, sanguinary, and greatly irritating but abortive proceedings, exciting a spirit of animosity here, tending only to retard the political and social advance of their own country." Nothing, one would think, could have been more unobjectionable than such a passage as this to the most ardent sympathizers with Ireland. Without denying the grievances under which she suffers, or the provocation which her people have received, it simply asserted what we should think was obvious to every one, that nothing but unmitigated injury to the best interests of England and Ireland could possibly arise from so unsound and reckless a movement as that of Fenianism. Even so moderate and carefully-restrained a statement was too much for the ardent spirits of the League Council, who must be really burning with a passion for rebellion when they take in hand such unpromising clients as the dupes of Mr. Stephens and Mr. Roberts. Mr. Beales, however, caught it in language which painfully suggests that his influence in the body upon which he alone has conferred any semblance of respectability must be very much on the wane. Mr. Lucraft objected to the publication of the President's letter, because "he felt that the Irish people were fully justified in using physical force to redress their wrongs, when they had received such fearful provocation." Mr. Cooper "cordially endorsed the remarks of Mr. Lucraft as to the Irish using physical force. However, he might say that the conduct of the Fenians was imprudent; he fully sympathized with them." Mr. Odgers, as usual, went further than any one else. Amidst loud cheers, he declared that, if he were an Irishman, he would be a Fenian. "Ireland," he continued, "would never make an impression on her rulers until she knocked down some of them, whether in the way of the Hyde-park railings or otherwise, he did not know." Mr. Brisk briefly expressed his hope that "Fenianism would go on and prosper;" while a Mr. Golding declared his opinion that to condemn the Fenians would injure the Reform League. Now, considering that Mr. Beales had said nothing about the abstract right to use physical force in extreme cases, but had strictly confined himself to a denunciation of the means adopted by the Fenians to attain their designs—not uttering a word, as he might well have done, in condemnation of the designs themselves—these speeches of his colleagues could have no meaning or point

unless they were to be understood as conveying approbation of armed rebellion in the sister country. As such they were generally understood in this country; and as such they seem also to have been understood in Ireland.

As the meeting of the council of the Reform League at which Mr. Beales's letter was discussed was a very small one, it might have been hoped that a more numerous assembly of that body would set matters right by rescinding the resolution in which the president's views were by implication disapproved. But although such a meeting was held on Wednesday evening, it separated without taking any effective steps to clear the body from the reproach which it had justly incurred. A resolution was proposed declaring that the council of the League, neither as a body or by its individual members, ever countenanced private assassinations or secret organizations for political purposes; but even this motion was objected to, apparently on the ground that the council had done nothing which required explanation. After a long discussion the debate was adjourned before this respectable body could make up its mind to purge itself of the imputation that it sympathizes with, even if it does not altogether approve, a treasonable conspiracy, which cannot be productive of anything but injury both to the country against which it is directed, and the country on whose behalf it is undertaken. Perhaps it is as well that it should be so. Had the council of the League promptly accepted the *locus penitentie* offered to them, they might have partially retrieved their character and retained some power of bringing discredit upon the Liberal party or the working classes. But we now know with whom we have to deal; and even if a tardy repentance does lead to the acceptance of so milk-and-water a resolution as that which was proposed on Wednesday last, this cannot efface the fact that a large section of the body are sufficiently un-English and sufficiently disloyal to shrink from discountenancing insurrection in any part of the Queen's dominions. Those who know anything of the state of public opinion and feeling in the country must be quite aware that neither the one nor the other is represented by men of this kind. There is nowhere any disposition to tamper with treason, or even to treat it as a venial offence. In a letter which was read at the last meeting of the council of the Reform League, The O'Donoghue hailed their action in this matter as a proof of their sympathy with Ireland, and as an additional inducement for Irishmen to co-operate with them. Let us, on the contrary, warn Irishmen against having anything to do with a body which has placed itself in opposition to the universal sentiment of the country on a matter on which Englishmen are not apt to be indifferent. To the fair, candid, and impartial consideration of Irish questions it is above all things requisite that they should be wholly disconnected with any issues affecting the integrity of the empire. It is already less easy than it was to obtain the attention of the public to these subjects, on account of the irritation and disgust which the Fenian proceedings have excited. But that difficulty will be immensely increased if those who represent what, for want of a better word, we may call the National party in Ireland, commit the fatal error of linking themselves with a body who possess no influence which can at all compensate for the odium which they have attracted by their recent proceedings. It is probably useless to tender any advice to the council of the League; but if there are any men in that body who are superior to the temptations of a paltry notoriety, they would certainly do well to consider whether there is any use—whether there is not in fact infinite harm—in keeping on foot a body whose legitimate work is done, and whose members, in default of some better occupation, are now driven to fill up their time with that kind of employment which a certain nameless personage never fails to find for idle hands.

"NON POSSUMUS."

If the present state of the Roman question is full of anxiety and alarm it cannot be denied that the great difficulty in its settlement arises from the fact that the Pope refuses to enter into any negotiations which would contemplate the surrender by him of any of the possessions of the Church. "Non Possumus" is the answer hitherto given to every proposal of the kind. The Pope may submit to a despoiling of his rights. He can never be an assenting party to their alienation. This is in substance the reply which is supposed to interpose an insuperable obstacle to any settlement of this question which involves an arrangement with the Holy See.

There are, of course, solutions which the presence of such an obstacle almost of necessity suggests. If the Pope insists on

the formality of being "despoiled," as the Quaker in a court of justice makes a point of conscience of having his hat removed by one of the officers, he seems actually to invite the spoliation. Things of this kind have happened, and the relations of the parties been just as pleasant after them as they were before. The Pope is at this moment on very good terms with princes who are retaining the fruits of former spoliations. At the Congress of Vienna a portion—it is true a small one—of the Italian territory of the Church was assigned to Austria. In spite of the Papal protest, his "Apostolic Majesty" very quietly possessed himself of the territory, and up to the cession to Victor Emmanuel, Austria continued in possession; yet the Austrian emperor never forfeited the friendship or incurred the censure of the Pope. But France supplies a still more striking illustration. Napoleon himself is even now in possession of Church property of which the Pope was "despoiled" by a proceeding that really deserves to be called iniquitous. Avignon had been purchased in old times from its rightful owner by Clement VI., who then occupied the Papal throne. All the formalities required by the public law of Europe were used to give validity to its transfer. It was purchased in 1305. It was seized by the French Government in 1791. The treaty of Vienna, in spite of the protest of Cardinal Consalvi, confirmed it to France. The Pope is accepting the protection of Napoleon, although he persists in holding the property so wrongfully wrested from the Church.

History abounds with instances of this nature. They reflect no discredit on the Papacy, although they amount to a practical abandonment of theories that are in high favour at Rome. They are all tributes to the maxim of common sense, that every man who can acquire property must also have the power of alienating it. This is one of the subjects upon which even Papal dogmas must yield to the necessities of mankind and "the inexorable logic" of events. Canons and decrees may denounce and excommunicate the sovereign who retains possession of property of which the Church has been despoiled. But Louis Napoleon retains Avignon, and yet is in high favour with Pius IX. There is no "non possumus" against receiving the elder son of the Church except upon the condition of a restitution of the spoils.

There are views which would point to a settlement of the question without asking the assent of the Pope. If his consent could not be obtained, his acquiescence may be calculated on; and if any portion of his temporal power must be taken away, there is nothing, when the deed is once done, to prevent the sovereign pontiff being as good friends with Victor Emmanuel as he is now with Napoleon. III. Such arguments seem almost the legitimate consequence of the "non possumus," and indeed its only solution. But we cannot think, if historic precedent is to have any weight, that a settlement may not be effected in a manner more conformable to the dignity, and more conducive to the interests of the Papal see.

There is on record among diplomatic documents a treaty by which a Pope, with the assent of the College of Cardinals, agreed to alienate and cede a very large portion of the States of the Church. In 1796 the French Republican armies invaded the Papal States. The Papal troops were defeated, and on the 19th of February, 1797, the treaty known as that of Tolentino was concluded between Pope Pius VI. and the French republic. By this treaty the Pope formally ceded all his rights over Avignon and all his Italian territories, except the city of Rome and a small portion of country in its immediate vicinity. The words of one of the articles are:—"The Pope renounces for ever and cedes and transfers to the French republic all his rights over the territories known by the name of the Legations of Bologna, of Ferrara, and of the Romagna." The treaty went further, for it bound the Pope and his successors to ratify and confirm this cession. At the Congress of Vienna, Consalvi strongly pressed for the restitution of these provinces to the Holy See. The voice of England mainly defeated the desire of Austria to appropriate these provinces to herself. But even Consalvi, in the paper which he presented to the Congress, never asserted the principle that a cession of Papal territory could not lawfully and properly be made. It would have been impossible for any one to venture on such an argument in the face of an assembly of statesmen and diplomatists acquainted with the public law and the history of Europe. In the most "Catholic" ages, the distinction between the Pope as sovereign of the Roman States and the Pope as a spiritual power was perfectly understood. In his first capacity the Pope had just the same power of entering into treaties, of ceding territory, and even of making war, that belonged to any other European Prince. A sovereign State without these powers would have been regarded as something incapable of existing. In the treaty of Tolentino, the Pope, as

the sovereign of Rome, submitted to the vicissitudes of war. The treaty was a hard and a humiliating one, but its execution by the Roman sovereign was strictly in accordance with precedent and law. Any one can see the provisions of this treaty in the collection of treaties of Martens. If precedent be of any value, it seems difficult to say that there is an absolute impossibility for the Pope to cede or transfer the territories of the See of Rome. To such a statement the answer seems conclusive that Pius VI. did it, with the assent of the College of Cardinals, and that the act has never been condemned. It may be said, indeed, that Pius executed that treaty after a defeat in war, and when in fact he was compelled to submit to a victorious enemy. But this cannot in the least alter the principle. If the Pope can cede territory after a defeat, he may surely do so to avoid one; if to avoid a defeat, the case is still stronger to avert a war. If he may do it to avert a war from himself, he may far better do so to save Europe from the miseries that must follow a general disturbance of the public peace. If it be once conceded that any circumstances justify the Pope in ceding the territories of his See, the "non possumus" is gone: the propriety of the cession becomes a question of expediency and prudence, not of morality and right.

Economists and theologians may have peculiar ways of viewing things; but to us, the fact of the treaty of Tolentino appears to prove that the law of the Church permits the occupant of the Papal See to cede its possessions or its temporal powers when the interests of his See or of religion require the cession to be made. Common sense would tell us that there may be just occasions for such an act in the interest of religion and the Papacy other than the presence of a victorious army and the defeat of the Papal forces in the field.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

THE real question to be decided in the coming week by the civic authorities is whether the City of London shall be represented by merchants or tradesmen. No doubt it conveys a very important moral lesson to a young shopboy to think that if ever he succeeds to his master's business he may be dragged through the streets in an antiquated van, and drop his *h's* in the presence of royalty. But we doubt if it is the true policy of the City to encourage this spirit. Every one must have seen that there has been for some years a growing tendency to make fun of mayor, aldermen, and corporation. Even the sacred privileges insured by charter are beginning to be questioned. People ask if it is right that colossal sums should be spent on feeding retired tradesmen with turtle and venison, or on shortening lives which might yet do good service to the counter. When it is urged by the only one of our contemporaries which has opposed itself to the public feeling on this matter, that aldermen are usually active and energetic traders, who do an immensity of purely humane and unpaid work for the benefit of their fellow-citizens, we are tempted to ask if that work, especially the magisterial branch of it, would not be better done by such men as have been trained to it? When we are told that the Lord Mayor's coach is as much a part of the City state as the loving cup, we ask if the magnificent hospitality of the Lord Mayor does not speak for itself without the absurd formality of handing round a tankard. It is, perhaps, natural that the *Daily Telegraph* should come forward to defend what is tawdry, for its own style is like the State coach in its profusion of gingerbread ornament. But we hope the Common Council will be led by the unanimous protest of all the other papers to reconsider a decision carried by forty-one members, the more as five times that number of men have signed the memorial against the pageant, and the two hundred names are those of leading firms in the City.

The argument that these "magnates of Lombard-street and Birchin-lane" decline civic labours and responsibilities, is peculiarly unfortunate. They have declined them hitherto because they had no wish to be made ridiculous. The way to enlist them in the service of the City is to remove that reproach. Continue to exclude them, and to insist upon all the ancient customs which date from the ages of retail, and you deprive yourself of the help of your chief men. We often hear complaints that in former days every merchant knew the faces and histories of all his servants, while at present the spread of commerce and the division of labour have put an end to such friendly relations. But one of the results of this change is, that the small houses of a past age have become large firms, and that people who would have been traders a hundred years ago are now merchants. We may quarrel with the fact if we like, but it is as well to recognise it. The city of London knows best how much money is made in it now, and how much

was made in the last century. Does it want to keep that money, or to see it spent elsewhere—to claim its merchants as members of its own body, or to know that they are merely pilgrims on the way to the haven of the West-end? Of course there must be a great change in the civic customs before this class of men will consent to hold office. It is not the Lord Mayor's coach alone that stops the way. But the coach is, after all, only a symbol of obstinate attachment to exploded prejudices. We cannot hope for any reform as long as aldermanic Toryism is proclaimed in this ridiculous manner. It would be almost better if the corporation rode down to Westminster on gilt turtles, as then even the shopboys, for whom some of the Common Councilmen have such a fellow-feeling, would laugh instead of applauding. To persons of any taste the rickety van, weighing almost four tons, and plastered with rotten gingerbread, is quite as absurd. But we presume there are people on whom a moral effect is produced by the existing pageant. The Industrious Apprentice may have been stimulated to zeal and perseverance by seeing the coach pass before him, though it is more likely that the idle apprentice thought an honest life was not worth living, if his crowning reward was to be made such a guy.

Yet even if the show is to be continued for the benefit of the lowest classes, why may not their tastes be elevated? Why must we suppose that they are a hundred years behind the age? Why are we to take the large circulation of the *Daily Telegraph* as an index to the sympathies of the people? Bands of music are rather more popular when they play in tune than when they produce a discord. Why, then, have six bands playing at the same time, and all in different keys? Volunteer reviews are popular, though the dress of men and officers is of the most modern description. Any movement of troops is attended by crowds, whether light helmets and plumes, or muffs closed at one end, are worn by the soldiers. The opening of Parliament has not become less stately because the Queen drives in a carriage and not in a caravan. The most popular sights of recent times have been the visits of foreign kings, and of future English rulers. Was any pageantry thought necessary then? Did any one regard the shabby carriage which held the Princess Alexandra? People went to see her, and not a coach. But if the coach is to be the centre of attraction, what is the use of having the Lord Mayor in it? The Tories of the City do not see that by holding up the State coach as the one thing needful, they declare the insignificance of everything connected with it. They tell the Lord Mayor that he derives all his lustre from the clumsy frame in which he is set. It is nothing that he has made a competence by his own efforts. It is nothing that he has done "purely humane and unpaid work" as an alderman. It is nothing that he has been elected by his fellow-citizens to act as their chief magistrate. A progress along Fleet-street and the Strand in uncomfortable robes, and in a vehicle which would make a fit throne for the kings of Dahomey, is to mark him out from his kind, and render his name for ever memorable.

This is what the Common Council wishes to do for the Lord Mayor. Let us now see what it does for the City. The cost of this one day amounts to nearly £3,000. Of this the dinner at the Guildhall absorbs the greater part, and it must be admitted that the dinner could neither be dispensed with, nor economized. No one wishes to curtail the hospitality of the City companies. Whether it might not be managed with more taste, or with less ostentation, is a question into which we cannot enter now. But there are several expenses connected with the Lord Mayor's Show which are quite unnecessary. We believe a late Lord Mayor paid almost £80 for gravelling the streets which lead to Westminster. The cost of bands and banners in the procession, and of the other accessories to it, amounts to nearly £250. We have no wish to audit the budget of a Lord Mayor's Show, but we give these figures as indicating the way in which it is conducted. It is evident that the reason why certain City men wish to keep up the old formalities is that there is something to be made out of them. We remember a certain stormy debate which followed the grand banquet given to the Princess of Wales, and an outcry against members of the Entertainment Committee, who had pocketed the ivory-backed brushes. It is to be feared that civic conservatives even now are on the watch for their perquisites. They do not care so much for their ancient privileges as for their customary profits. They talk about the Charter of the City when they are thinking of the charterers of the State coach. They are afraid that any utilitarian attempt which may add to the dignity of the City of London, will put an end to their small peculations. The farce has been kept up so long, and has become so uproarious, that they cannot subside

into genteel comedy. If one thing goes, they fear that all will follow. We should be sorry if the existence of such apprehensions retarded the necessary reform of the City. But it is cowardice on the part of the authorities to maintain notorious abuses in order that the general fitness of the system may not be questioned. We do not well know what name to assign to those men who resist improvement because they fatten on jobbery, and who prefer to make a venerable institution ridiculous than to pay out of their own pocket for nail-scissors and perfumery.

We do not deny that there are many who seriously object to surrendering an old custom, however absurd it may be, and whatever abuses may spring from it. We have heard people of undoubted taste defend the preposterous motley of the Pope's Swiss Guards, on the ground that the uniform in question was designed by Michael Angelo. With such it would be vain to argue. But it is consoling to think that they very seldom form a majority. Time is their greatest enemy. Their ranks grow gradually thinner, and few recruits are found to fill up the vacancies. The men whose only answer is "the wisdom of our ancestors" cannot be converted, but they do not make converts. If the opposition of the City is of this character, we may look forward confidently to its spontaneous extinction. We have never doubted that we should live to see the Corporation of London as active and as modern an institution as when it defended our liberties against the Stuarts. It then represented the nation and the future; we do not want it to represent the past and the shopkeepers. In course of time it will see its error. It will remember who are its chief citizens, and it will be proud to claim them. But we wish it to take the first step now towards its emancipation, and to discard a folly which robs it of half of its influence, without adding one jot to its wealth, position, or dignity.

GWYDYR HOUSE.

It has long been well known that the treatment of a pauper in the parish workhouse is, in respect of eating and drinking and housing, so much inferior to that of a prisoner in the county gaol, that, as far as personal comfort goes, it is much better to be a criminal than to be a pauper. But in other respects the pauper was once supposed to have had the best of it. He could discharge himself when he liked. He was within easy reach of the ear of the public. He could complain to the Poor-law Board, or to its inspector, which would come to the same thing. In some way or other his grievance would become known, and redress would follow. The prisoner in his cell was in a very different position. He could make no appeal to the outer world. He was shut off from newspapers. If he was ill-used in any way he must bear it, unless he could induce the Government inspector to believe his tale, notwithstanding the evidence of governor, warders, and turnkeys to the contrary. Even with regard to his superior diet, it was not such an indulgence as it looked, but was only sufficient to make up for the depressing influence of prison life. But we now know that this is untrue, and that there is not a single respect in which the position of the pauper is not inferior to that of the criminal. When the honest labourer has outlived his power of earning his own bread he becomes practically a prisoner for the rest of his life. It is true he can discharge himself. He has the right, but it is a right which he cannot exercise unless he has made up his mind to die in the nearest ditch. Also he can complain, if he dares; but we know at what risk he will do so. If he does, will the inspector report his case to the Poor-law Board, and will the Poor-law Board take measures to set what was wrong, right? In his report upon the Farnham Workhouse, the *Lancet* commissioner writes of the inspector of that district that "it is not impossible that he has a kindly heart; but the practical exercise of such an organ is a dangerous luxury for an inspector from Gwydyr House. When the officials of that highly respectable establishment catch a comrade with a soft spot in him, they butt at him with one consent, as deer do at a sick or wounded companion, and drive him into a distant and disagreeable province." When the fountain is muddy, what are we to expect from the stream? The officials who butt at soft-hearted comrades are not the underlings, but the chiefs of the office. Inspection thus becomes a farce, and boards of guardians only reflect the spirit and carry out the policy of Gwydyr House when they practically warn the population around them that poverty is the worst of crimes, and that those who enter the workhouse must leave all hope of comfort or compassion behind them. It is well that we should bear this in mind—namely, that the inhuman treatment of the poor in our workhouses is not an accident, but a system; that it is the object

at which the entire official machinery of the Poor-laws is aimed; and that, instead of there being a probability of an improvement, there is, on the contrary, a great likelihood, not that it will become worse, for that is scarcely possible, but that we shall have less means than hitherto of ascertaining what is going on in those dens of misery in which human beings are got rid of before their time by a process of slow torture.

Why, indeed, should the officials of Gwydyr House, who will not tolerate the offence of soft-heartedness in a comrade, suffer its exercise in the commissioner of a newspaper? It has often been a matter of surprise to us that the gentlemen who have done their work so well and truthfully for the *Lancet* were allowed an opportunity of going over the infirmaries whose disgraceful condition they have made public. We have accounted for it, in the absence of any better explanation, by the fact that possibly masters of workhouses have become by habit so insensible to the system they were administering as to have lost all perception of its iniquity. But a question has now been raised, we are told, by a very high official of the Poor-law Board which threatens to put a stop to the inquiries of our medical contemporary. Hitherto masters of workhouses have supposed that the right of admitting any one not a pauper, into the workhouse, rested with them, and, as a rule, they have not refused admittance to the representatives of the press. But the "high official" is of opinion that masters cannot legally admit any one into the workhouse except a pauper, a guardian, or a Poor-law inspector; and it is intended, or at all events contemplated, to direct that in future masters shall "refer all inquiring and curious medical commissioners to the 'next board-day of the guardians.'" If we had any doubt that the object of such a rule is to prevent inquiry, we should have a sufficient proof of the spirit in which the "high official" and his colleagues have conceived it in the attempt to hush up the Farnham scandal by holding a private inquiry into the state of the workhouse there. Never was the necessity for a full, and searching, and, above all things, a public inquiry more evident than in this case. To refuse it is practically to say that the moment a poor man enters the workhouse he loses all the rights of a free-born man. His position becomes worse than that of a prisoner. He sinks to a level with the negro before slavery was abolished. He is the property of the Poor-law Board, and it can do with him what it pleases. If by brutal inhumanity he is hurried out of the world, it depends entirely upon the medical officer of the Union whether an inquest is held upon him or not, though an inquest is held upon every person who dies in gaol. It is not every medical officer of a Union who has the honesty and the courage of the gentleman who holds this post at Farnham. Richard Gibson died what was called a natural death in Bloomsbury workhouse, and no inquest would have been held upon him but for an accident. His death was so far natural that no man in his state could have lived with such treatment as he received in the infirmary. But it was not a natural death in the accepted sense of the term. How many have gone out of the world in the same miserable state we shall never know, nor how many at this moment are suffering as he suffered. And if the "high official" can help it, we shall have even less chance of knowing henceforth than we have now. Who is this gentleman? Can it be Lord Devon, the President of the Board? If not, how does it happen that the inquiry into the Farnham workhouse is to be held with closed doors?—if it is to be held at all, for we see that it has been postponed. Lord Devon should know something of what is going on in his own department. He has at least the same means which we all have of becoming aware that facts have been alleged with regard to the workhouse in question which ought not to be true of any workhouse, and which should in any case be tested in a manner that shall satisfy the public. For the character of the Board and its President it is indispensable that the test should be an open one.

We have very little hope of an administration of the poor laws which shall satisfy the Christian ideal of charity, or even approach it, until the ratepayers of a parish or union are permitted to have free access to the workhouse, and are enabled to see for themselves that the poor are properly treated. There must be, we would fain hope, in every parish persons humane enough to take such an interest in the poor as would lead them to devote an occasional hour to an inspection of the workhouse, and at the same time we have no fear that they would be so numerous as to cause inconvenience. If it is objected that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, and that the right of visiting the workhouses, if generally conferred, would not be exercised, then we should urge that inspection should be made by officers who have no other connection with the poor laws, and who are not in any way dependent on the Poor-law Board or the guardians. We have seen how admirably the

commissioners of the *Lancet* have done their duty. But take an example more in point—that, namely, of her Majesty's Commissioners of Lunacy. These gentlemen have no connection with asylums, public or private; they are wholly independent of them. We know that we have in their reports an exact and truthful statement of the condition of our asylums, and that they are a guarantee for order, cleanliness, and humanity in the treatment of lunatics. What would be the result if they were appointed by the county magistrates, dependent on them for their salaries, and subject to be dismissed by them? But as the whole Poor-law system is under the Poor-law Board, its control over its inspectors is as nearly absolute as it can be. Look at the fate of Mr. Farnall. He was an honest man, and though in one or two instances he showed an official tenderness for the system, he spoke out, on the whole, fearlessly. And as long as Mr. Villiers was President of the Poor-law Board he was allowed to do so. With the fall of Lord Russell's Administration, Mr. Villiers left Gwydyr House; and first Mr. Gathorne Hardy and then Lord Devon became its Presidents. With the new reign came a new policy. Mr. Villiers was for full and open inquiry. His successors aimed at keeping things quiet, and hushing them up when they threatened to give trouble. One of the first things to be done to this end was to get rid of Mr. Farnall; and accordingly, on some official subterfuge, he was sent to Liverpool. He had a soft spot in his heart; and if he was thus in a general sense the right man, he was certainly in the wrong place. For that reason he was sacrificed, as also to warn his brother inspectors that Gwydyr House is not a fitting arena for men with soft hearts. The first thing to be done, then, is to disconnect the Poor-law Inspectors from the Poor-law Board—to make them independent of it—to let them know that they may do their duty and tell the truth without fear of being "buted" at, or exiled, or of living under the cloud of official disfavour. We are hopeful that great improvement would follow upon such a change; and we found our hopes on the dread with which Lord Devon—for we cannot disconnect his lordship from his department—and the high officials of Gwydyr House regard publicity. Other reforms might easily be introduced—there is at least plenty of room for them. But without an independent system of inspection, no reforms will be permanently beneficial.

THE KNIGHT OF "BELGRAVIA."

MR. SALA, in the current number of *Belgravia*, has taken up the cudgels for Miss Braddon. There is another article in the same magazine, purporting to be from Captain Shandon, which is dated from "Hades," an address which seems to have utterly ruined the temper of Shandon, and converted his style into what very much resembles the scolding of an angry woman. Mr. Sala attacks *Blackwood*, and "Captain Shandon" (who speaks most respectfully of Mr. Babington White, whom he has probably met amongst the "shades"), makes a vigorous onslaught upon the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which the editor is tastefully abused by name, and is incidentally charged with having written a novel which had not so large a sale as the "Lady Audley" series. Of the two champions, Mr. Sala is the more amusing, although his tilting wants the spitfire vigour of Captain Shandon. It is simply impossible for Mr. Sala to be anything but funny. One can see that, though his armour was buckled on (perhaps by fair hands) and his weapons sharpened before he entered the lists, he could not resist his natural good-humoured propensity for changing his lance into a stick with a bladder and peas upon the end of it. He opens by telling us how he has been writing for magazines since he was a little boy, and the public are informed that eight-and-twenty years ago Mr. Sala started a periodical in his own nursery upon a capital of one and fourpence. Having thus, so to speak, commenced at the egg, Mr. Sala brings us gradually with him through the successive stages of culture which have culminated in his present polish, and at last "Time took him one day by the ear and showing him the dun-coloured monthly pamphlet, said to him, 'Behold how stupid *Blackwood's Magazine* has grown!'" Then he waxes wrath and humorous over the contents. He will "see the editor hanged" before he wades through the "Literature of the Scottish Independence Question," &c. After the champion causes his steed to paw the ground and curvet in this fashion, he suddenly bellows his determination to kill, slay, and sacrifice a writer in the September number of "Old Ebony" who wrote a sermon on novels. His language at this point is terrible. The writer in question is to be ripped up, sawdust and bran shaken out of him, and then Mr. Sala, making his "text a stirrup-leather," will belabour him unmercifully. Did we not say Mr. Sala could not be severe without

making us laugh? A man preaching a sermon who is stuffed with sawdust and who is subjected to such an operation as Mr. Sala purports to perform on him, would be indifferent to the *post-mortem* flogging with the stirrup-leather. But Mr. Sala is not as wicked as his words would suggest. His defence of Miss Braddon reminds us not a little of the story of the first use of an elephant in warfare; the animal floundered and blundered in such a manner as to play the mischief with his friends. Mr. Sala can think of no better way of setting up a case for his client than by stating that others have done worse. It would appear that in order to attain that manner of composition, familiar but not coarse, and elegant without being ostentatious, which so distinguishes him, he at one time gave his days and nights to the study of Harrison Ainsworth. He condemns the works of that author, as also those of the "Pelham" school, and he forges ahead through all the dirty romances of the last forty years with a vigour and a spirit which shows at least that the element in which he is moving neither depresses his spirits nor weakens his exertions. What his point is we confess we cannot discover, unless, as we have said before, he wishes to demonstrate that worse and more vicious novels than some of Miss Braddon's could be written, and have been written. Miss Braddon must feel indebted to her champion for the association. He insists that the moral of "Lady Audley" is superior to that of "Paul Clifford," and that the character of Miss Braddon's books is to be preferred to the "dead thieves, bullies, doxies, and turnkeys, who were galvanized by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth." Poor Mr. Ainsworth! He is offered up half a dozen times in the course of this invaluable essay as a victim at the shrine of Miss Braddon. Did it not occur to Mr. Sala that dead rogues, grooms, blackguards, adulteresses, and poisoners, have been galvanized by Miss Braddon? She has done better we cheerfully admit, but the worst she ever did is brought forward by Mr. Sala with an amusing unconsciousness.

"To be wholly righteous when you assail a celebrated author you should have the manners of Mawworm and the morals of Tartuffe." What are you to be, Mr. Sala, when you assume a right to abuse a critic who simply performs a duty? A stand must be made against this wretched squealing petulance of authoresses and their cliques against any gentleman who dares to decry their bad wares. With Mr. Sala we have no quarrel. This is the first time we believe he has appeared in a questionable cause, and we are glad to find him exhibit a creditable incapacity for his work. But the spirit in which he undertook it was not worthy of him. It may be that in all honesty he wishes to defend mere "sensationalism," though we think he must have read too many books to believe in it; here, however, he simply acts the bravo for Miss Braddon, and if his sword is of lath it is because he could not help it. He pathetically tells us that he bears no one ill will, and that he has "other scissors to grind and other fish to fry." Let him in the name of goodness grind his scissors and fry his fish, and leave criticising critics alone. The cutlery and the cooking departments of the press are a long remove from where the finer arts of literature are studied and practised. To show at once that Mr. Sala should keep to the scissors and the fish, we need only quote that he accuses the critic in *Blackwood* of the crime of writing for money—"writing so much spiteful drivel for a couple of pounds a week." When a professional author brings this charge against another, his pen ought to be taken away from him. Mr. Sala possibly makes a distinction between those who write spiteful drivel for a couple of pounds a week, and those who write in *Belgravia*, let us say, for a tariff proportionate to the value of the contribution and the generosity of the publisher. As he draws to the close after this, our champion works himself into a terrible fury. Critics are "inane, ignorant, untravelled, incapable" duffers, "who are permitted to review books because *somebody* must review them." "People who write books are generally too busy or too honest to criticise those of others." We are not going to argue against the blatant nonsense of such phrases, but we take them out as samples of what our teacher in criticism considers forcible and chaste. The article in *Blackwood* was a perfectly justifiable complaint against the influence of bad novels upon society; other writers were spoken of as well as Miss Braddon, but her works were specially designated, and hence this extraordinary diatribe, which would be a very dreary one but for the constitutional vivacity of the author. Surely, Mr. Sala *can't* be "Babington White"? Our own theory on that great question was that "White" and Miss Braddon were identical, but our faith in it has been shaken by this article. One could imagine the author of "Circe," having been so beaten on the head that he was at length goaded into some sort of reprisal; but "Captain Shandon" destroys the supposition.

We have alluded to these Belgravian laments because Miss

Braddon and her surroundings are becoming so touchy that, after a while, they will insist on having no opinion upon their novels save that perhaps of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*. We do not think our contemporaries need be much afraid of Mr. Sala in his new character, nor of "Captain Shandon" in his entirely new character. Mr. Sala should return to his "other scissors to grind and other fish to fry;" and as for "Captain Shandon," it was the greatest pity in the world to disturb him in the place from which he came.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND.

No. II.

IN commenting last week on the unsatisfactory and illusory answer given by the manager of the Scottish Widows' Fund to a member of the society who had asked to be furnished, *inter alia*, with a statement of the expenses of management of the society for the years 1864, 1865, and 1866, we observed that the character of the manager's answer had created in our mind a suspicion that when we came, as we intimated we might perhaps come, to look into the complaints put forward by Mr. Dudgeon—the member in question—and the answers of the manager, we might perhaps find them equally unsatisfactory as his answer respecting the expenses of management for the years specified. In fact we pleaded guilty to entering upon any further examination of the points in dispute with a certain prejudice against Mr. Raleigh, the manager of the Scottish Widows' Fund, arising out of his practical refusal to give a member of the society information which, as a partner in the business of the society, he had the right to demand, and to which we thought the public also were entitled. We plead guilty to a continuance of this prejudice. We think that any manager or trustee of the funds of other people should render an account of their expenditure to those who are beneficially interested in the funds. We think also that it is *pro bono publico* to insist strongly on the production and publication of such accounts by the managers of all public companies. We confess to a prejudice against those managers who neglect to do this; to a stronger prejudice against those who decline to produce their accounts when required to do so; and to a yet stronger prejudice against those who answer questions relating to accounts in an illusory manner, so as to defeat the object for which the information was demanded. We have this prejudice, this stronger prejudice, and this still stronger prejudice against Mr. Raleigh, who, as we attempted to show last week, has committed all these offences. We mention it that that gentleman may have the full benefit of it, and that the public, including the members of the society, may narrowly, and even suspiciously, weigh our comments when they appear to take an unfavourable turn to Mr. Raleigh. This acknowledgment is due to him, and he is also entitled to all the presumption in his favour arising from the great public confidence he enjoys, as evidenced by the remarkable success of his management, so far as that is indicated by the immense increase of the business of the society during his administration of its affairs.

On reopening Mr. Dudgeon's pamphlet, which we were induced to do on the perusal of Mr. Raleigh's unsatisfactory answer to it, we find that the first ground of complaint is that, whereas it was stated in a prospectus, dated March, 1866, that "the whole profits realized since 31st December, 1859, will be divided among the policy-holders on 31st December next," the whole of the profits had not been divided, but that a large portion of them had been withheld from the policy-holders, and carried to a guarantee fund, such a fund not having been in existence since December, 1859.

To this Mr. Raleigh answers:—*First*, that at the date of the prospectus in question, a law "as to the new form of guarantee fund" had been adopted more than twelve months back, and that the prospectus of 1866 had been, "of course, written in the full belief that all concerned knew that that particular form of division among the policy-holders, and no other, would necessarily come into force in distributing the surplus." Mr. Raleigh answers, *secondly*, that the amount (£218,353. 1s. 11d.) "in being carried to guarantee fund, is not withheld from the policy-holders." Of the further allegation, that there had been no guarantee fund in existence since 1859, we do not perceive that Mr. Raleigh takes any notice. We infer that he has no satisfactory answer to offer.

We read these two answers of Mr. Raleigh with amazement. If this, say £218,000, is a guarantee fund, it must, at least for the present, be withheld from the policy-holders. The moment

* In this and other quotations we have followed the peculiarities of typography adopted by Mr. Raleigh.

it is either paid to them or becomes a vested interest added to their policies, it ceases to be a guarantee fund. It is either paid away or becomes a debt charged on all the funds of the society. So far as it is a guarantee fund it is withheld; so far as it is not withheld it is not a guarantee fund. Again, on looking at these two answers, it is self-evident that if Mr. Raleigh is right in the simple absolute assertion that the amount is "not withheld," his first answer becomes unnecessary—the promise of the prospectus is fulfilled to the letter.

Upon this first point raised by Mr. Dudgeon, we think that the verdict of the public should go in his favour, with a qualification we shall presently explain. But Mr. Raleigh's answer must be dismissed as bad, apart from the facts, on the very face of it.

The truth, as we shall, we believe, irrefragably show, by the evidence of the law referred to by Mr. Raleigh, and by quotations from himself, is, that the amount in question is in one part a guarantee fund, and is withheld from the policy-holders, and is in another part not withheld from them, and in that part is not a guarantee fund.

Mr. Dudgeon complains that he has been deceived by the prospectus of the company, and that the sum of, say £218,000, part of the surplus, is withheld from the policy-holders. If Mr. Raleigh had shaped his answer in accordance with the facts, the substance of it would have been:—"You are partly right and partly wrong. Some portion of the guarantee fund is withheld from you, but part of it is not withheld from those who happen to die before 1873; and though the fund, for convenience sake, is called a 'guarantee' fund, it is not wholly so. When I said in the prospectus of 1866 that all the profits should be divided, I thought that you and everybody knew that by the operation of a new law the fact was not exactly so." To this we think Mr. Raleigh should have added an expression of regret that the words of the prospectus had not been sufficiently considered; for, had they been sufficiently considered, they were intentionally instead of unintentionally deceptive.

We must make this point very plain. We have no fear of not making it plain to Mr. Raleigh and others well versed in the science of the subject, but we must, if possible, make it plain to the public.

Our point is that both Mr. Dudgeon and Mr. Raleigh are wrong. Mr. Dudgeon in believing that the sum in question is entirely a guarantee fund, though it is called so, and the mistake was natural; and Mr. Raleigh in asserting that it is not withheld from division among the policy-holders, which it in fact partly is.

The statement in the prospectus of 1866, as quoted by Mr. Dudgeon, and not challenged by Mr. Raleigh, is that "the whole profits realized since 31st December, 1859, will be divided among the policy-holders on 31st December next."

The "whole profits realized" appear by the balance sheet at pp. 28 and 29 of the report to the annual meeting held in May last to be £715,787. 16s. 11d. This amount is thus apportioned:—

	£.	s.	d.
To Bonus Fund . . .	497,434	15	0
To Guarantee Fund . . .	218,353	1	11
	£715,787	16	11

The resolutions of the court dispose of the bonus fund by declaring a vested reversionary bonus of 23s. per cent. on the amount of all sums assured and former bonuses thereon; and they dispose of the guarantee fund by adding 10s. per cent. to the value of all such sums, payable with interest at 3 per cent. if death occurs on or before the 31st December, 1873, i. e., within seven years.

Mr. Raleigh commits the marvellous and astounding blunder of asserting that this vested bonus of 23s., and this contingent bonus of 10s. are equivalent to a vested bonus of 33s. But he admits some difference when the point is put to him by Mr. Dudgeon. "The only difference, in fact," he says at p. 5 of his answer to Mr. Dudgeon, "between it (i. e., the £218,000) and the bonus proper is that the latter may be surrendered for its value at once, whilst the guarantee fund must remain accumulating at interest in favour of the policy-holder till death."

If this were the only difference, it is still a very material difference. The difference is that it has no cash value in the office. If any one outside the office would buy it, it might be turned into money; but the office, which may be supposed to be in a condition best to appreciate its value, will not give anything to free the funds from this charge upon them.

The utter confusion of ideas exhibited by Mr. Raleigh upon

this point is illustrated also by the comparison of a passage in his answer to Mr. Dudgeon (p. 8), where he is labouring to show that the septennial bonus of 1866 is larger than the bonus of 1838 or 1845, with a passage (p. 20) in his report of May, 1867.

In the former he treats the contingent share of the guarantee fund, omitting, however, to notice that it is contingent, as the equivalent to a vested reversionary bonus of a larger specified amount. In the latter he tells the members that "the portion of guarantee fund added to policies, being cash and not reversionary value, will bring a smaller claim upon the society than a corresponding addition in the form of reversionary bonus would probably have entailed." Thus, when his point is to magnify the value of this (contingent) share of the guarantee fund it is the equivalent of a vested reversionary bonus; and when he wants to magnify the sources of future profit it is not the equivalent of such a bonus, but will prove less burdensome to the funds, and therefore diminish the amount receivable under the policy to which it is attached.

Mr. Raleigh cannot always have everything his own way; he must choose between this £218,000 being a guarantee fund or not. If it is a guarantee fund, it has not been divided amongst the policy-holders. If it has been divided amongst the policy-holders it is not a guarantee fund. In point of fact it is wholly neither one nor the other. Its correct description would be a guarantee fund charged with certain contingent reversionary payments not sufficient to exhaust it. It is a guarantee fund to new entrants and to old members, inasmuch only as the contingent bonuses until 1873 do not exhaust it. Of course there is a sense in which every pound in the society's coffers is a guarantee for its engagements to its members; but when a fund is specially set apart for a guarantee fund, it is one on which there are not known to be any charges, and which is not touched unless the other funds of the society prove, contrary to calculation, to be insufficient to meet the claims charged on them.

We have, *currente calamo*, attributed this marvellous inconsistency in the view taken by Mr. Raleigh of the same fund to confusion of ideas. In this we suspect ourselves to be wrong. It would, no doubt, be attributable to confusion of ideas if he entertained the two ideas of the fund at the same moment. He in fact, we imagine, looks upon the fund honestly enough as having been already divided amongst the policy-holders when his attention is fixed on the advantages the society affords to existing members in the way of bonus. But when at another time he directs his attention exclusively to the advantages the society affords to new entrants, or to the newer policy-holders who grumble at the bonus awarded to them, he looks upon it as a little pot of money which has yet to be divided—in fact as a guarantee fund. There is not a confusion of ideas, but a succession of ideas inconsistent with each other. Only both ideas are partially wrong.

Another point raised by Mr. Dudgeon respects the comparison of the bonus of the past seven years, in which the society has received so extraordinary an accession of business, with previous septennial bonuses. "If the report," he says, "could be believed, the additions to the policies of survivors are larger now than at any previous period of division; but with deep regret I have discovered that this is not true." The manager answers that "the amount last divided amongst the members proportionally exceeds that divided among them in 1859 by £41,554, as demonstrated in the report."

In another notice provoked by this very interesting and instructive controversy between Mr. Dudgeon and Mr. Raleigh, we may perhaps examine this further question. Before doing so we hope that Mr. Raleigh may, by a straightforward and explicit answer to Mr. Dudgeon's question respecting the expenses of management for the years 1864, 1865, and 1866, allay the prejudice we have conceived against him. This prejudice has no connection with the inconsistent views he entertains, as we have shown, respecting the division of the guarantee fund, as it is improperly called, amongst the members of the society. It is founded purely on his neglect hitherto to furnish the members of the society and the public with an account of the expenditure of its funds, and is immensely strengthened by his practical refusal to give such an account when it is asked for. These expenses appear to have amounted to the enormous sum of £240,798 in the seven years ending 1866—an average expenditure of £34,400 per annum.* Mr. Dudgeon evidently believes that a very disproportionate part of this expenditure was concentrated in the three last years of the septennial period.

* By an old circular before us, giving an exact account of the expenditure of the "Equitable" Life Office for the year 1845, we find that the expenditure for management for the preceding year was but little over £8,000; and that, whilst the income slightly exceeded that of the Scottish Widows' Fund in 1866, the invested funds were about double.

We have ourselves no doubt whatever, from the character of Mr. Raleigh's answer, that the fact was so. Mr. Dudgeon may be actuated by the worst possible motives in demanding the information he wishes to get. He may, for aught we know, wish to use it unfairly to the disadvantage of Mr. Raleigh, or of the Scottish Widows' Fund. But he has a right to have it. Even if he were as publicly to waive his right as he has insisted on it, we should still want this information for the public, on whose behalf, and not on Mr. Dudgeon's, we desire it.

THE END OF THE GAMING-TABLES.

THE last resource of a certain sort of humanity in search of excitement is the gaming-tables of the Continent. When Clapham tea-parties no longer interest; when the handsomest of curates intones in vain; when scandal itself has grown weary and old for want of listeners—the aged spinster gathers her ready money together, seeks out an inexpensive travelling companion, and, under the warrant of some discreet doctor's mandate, goes at once to the German baths and their co-existent *rouge-et-noir*. There she sits at the long table, unheeding the crowd behind, unheeding the hum of conversation around, and her lean, wrinkled, brown fingers quiver with a new eagerness as she tremblingly risks her first paper thaler. Life, after all, has something new for her. The social atmosphere of the watering-place is in itself reviving. There are British dishes and British prices at all the hotels. The "best" English families frequent the public gardens; and every evening some well-known ornament of home aristocracy, at the head of his party of ladies, puts down his five napoleons with an unbelieving sneer on his handsome face, and then smiles calmly at his own stupidity as the thin gold pieces are swept away from his sight. The elderly lady seldom risks napoleons. She first expends all the thalers she may have received at Cologne, and then takes to placing two or three florins at a time on the table before her. She is not ashamed of her small stakes. Russian noblemen and American planters may be elbowing for an opportunity to lose four or five hundred pounds; but this phlegmatic lady, intent upon her own pleasure, maintains her position as though she were the chief supporter of the bank. She begins to consider this Walpurgis-dance of dollars a much more thrilling amusement than the utterance of dull inuendos against her neighbours' daughters; and she has further the satisfaction of knowing that her sentiments are shared by a vast number of the most unquestionably respectable people in England. She hears the tongue of her native land wag on, with more or less of *h's*, in its accustomed course; and she feels herself at home.

Now this cup of emotional intoxication is about to be dashed from her lips by that race of northern savages who have no sympathy with the intellectual pleasures of advanced civilization. The keepers of the gaming-table are soon to be served with their notice to quit. Ems will be a desert; Hombourg a refuge for wolves; and Baden-Baden, if the Grand Duke retains his Prussianizing tendencies, must henceforth rely upon the strength of her mineral waters and the tame attractions of her scenery. The North German Parliament, which has already shown such a dexterous aptitude in applying Prussian rules and customs to the Confederate States, is about to solicit the Government to remove the crying evil of gambling from all towns included in the Confederation. The Prussian Government, it is said, proposes to deal leniently with the offenders, and will not summarily deprive them of their means of support. The proprietors, it is anticipated, will be allowed to keep their establishments open until 1870, on condition that part of the money which they acquire during the interval shall be devoted to a public fund for embellishing the particular town in which they have flourished. In other words, Prussia, charitable alike to the honest and dishonest, will allow these gentlemen three years of uninterrupted swindling, provided they acquiesce in the arrangement, and give up, without grumbling, their hells at the expiration of that time. Three years is a tolerable warning, and a prudent manager may surely in that time save as much from his earnings as will suffice to set him up in a restaurant in one of the boulevards of Paris, or in a billiard establishment in our own highly-favoured Regent-street. But if, on the other hand, these gentlemen refuse to be put down; if, by the end of this year, they have not signified their consent to relinquish their equivocal business and become decent members of society, the Prussian task-master is to be called into the matter. In Prussia all public games of hazard are illegal; and in this matter the application of the Prussian code to the Confederate States means the immediate and definite confiscation of all gaming-tables, wherever found. A raid of the Prussian police

on one or two of these gaming-houses at the conclusion of a lucky night, might materially enliven King William's exchequer; and, by an act of retributive justice, cause a number of dissolute young Frenchmen and profane old Englishmen to aid in the work of preparing Prussia for a tussle with her Gallic neighbour. The proprietors, however, have by this time acquired a notion that what the Prussian Government promises or threatens to do, it does; and being blessed with the further idea that half a loaf is better than no bread, they will in all likelihood succumb to their fate, and agree to shut up their houses within the stipulated time.

Few will regret the disappearance of these gaming-tables. They were a disgrace to the country that suffered their existence. They collected together the scoundrelism of Europe, and were the parents of unheard-of misery and crime. The shutting up of these hells will be a curative as well as a preventive; for no men are born gamblers. Most of the unfortunates who have from time to time gone out from the gaming-table into the court-yard or garden and put a bullet into their silly heads, have been drawn to their ruin not by a diseased lust of excitement, but by a foolish spirit of bravado. Confident in their own good fortune, they have staked and lost when other people seemed to be staking and winning; and then the hopeless desire to retrieve part or all of this sunken money has become with them a mania incessant and incurable. The elderly English ladies and gentlemen who go to live at Hombourg, and frequent the tables as they frequent the springs, buy their excitement as cheaply as possible. They feel it delightful to have the devil tugging at their soul, and they are able to keep a moderately firm footing and resist him. The ideal gambler of the lady-novelist is never to be found in the perfectly respectable, decorous, senile ranks of these harmless people; you may walk about the rooms for days and months before you see the gaunt, half-famished creature with the cadaverous face, the sunken, gloating eyes, the nervous fingers, and the impassioned language whom one meets in society-novels. The professional gambler glories in his proud equanimity. When he loses a large sum he smiles faintly; when he wins he gathers in the money with an easy indifference; when he goes away at night you do not know whether his pockets are filled with double Friedrichs, or whether he has gone behind the nearest acacia-tree to put a cap on his pistol by the light of the gas-lamp. For some people, doubtless, the gaming-table has an irresistible seduction; but they would never have become a prey to this fascination, but for the gaming-tables. To toss up for half-pence at school is not a sure sign that the boy, become a man, will be devoured by a passion for gambling. We have begun to question the correctness of the nursery logic which could trace the burning of Rome back to Nero's being permitted to torture flies. The opportunity taken away, the few persons who might otherwise have ruined themselves and shot themselves through visiting the fashionable lounges of Baden-Baden or Ems will be forced to find a less costly amusement, and there will not be much fear of their shooting themselves for want of a gaming-table. The English visitors, also, will be prevented from mixing among a disreputable crowd for the pleasure of seeing "life abroad," and will no longer be under the necessity of taking their daughters to witness a scene which they would carefully avoid at home. It has also been suggested that, while the Prussian police-officer is clearing away this nuisance, he might also remove that of public lotteries. These are permitted in Prussia, and it is stated that they are supported by the very poorest classes to an alarming degree. It is the correct thing for the lawyer's apprentice, or the shopkeeper's assistant, or the droschke-driver, or the Berlin "slavey" to be the owner of a lottery-ticket. The price of these tickets is small, but then the prizes are cheap and numerous; and it may be assumed that when the servant-maid has, by the disbursement of half a dollar, become possessed of some worthless article which may have cost a couple of dollars, she becomes a confirmed lottery-speculator for life. She risks her eighteen-pence with as much concern as the Russian prince does his hundred napoleons; and when she has utterly exhausted her ready money, when she has convinced herself that the next turn of Fortune's wheel, will be the lucky turn, she will make as great and dubious efforts to obtain sufficient capital to invest as the Cheapside draper's assistant who, having lost all his quarter's salary on two or three horses, knows that he will recover his money by backing the favourite if only the preliminary stakes could be obtained. Let this young and vigorous Parliament which has so soon set itself to social reformation abolish lotteries as well as gaming-tables and a good work will be done. In the mean time we are glad to know that the German hells are soon to be closed for ever from the sight of men.

MUSICAL CLERGYMEN.

THE occupation of a clergyman is a peculiar one. Of all men he has the most opportunities of cultivating a special hobby; and we, therefore, seldom find him without one. A hobby is generally an unsatisfactory thing, unless you can persuade your neighbours of its value; and who can do this so easily as a clergyman? He can introduce it in a hundred ingenious ways into his sermons; he can discourse of it while visiting his congregation; he can advocate it in the particular Church journal to which he is a contributor. And nobody, especially of his congregation, ever thinks of contradicting a clergyman, except upon doctrinal points, of which he seldom makes his hobby. If he is theologically orthodox, his flock grant his infallibility in all other matters. If he is a village parson, with a powerful hobby in the direction of archæology, who dares question his dicta about a Saxon skull or a Roman vase? If he interests himself in foreign politics, and, with a splendid Ecclesiastical-Tory unction, lays down the law at his own table about affairs in America or Italy, which of his guests dare tell him that he is talking in the teeth of history and contemporary facts? His congregation—particularly the ladies of it—and he are one. They yield to his hobby, and defend him. A perfect understanding reigns between them—a sympathy of character and intention. It cannot be doubted for a moment that women are the parents of modern Ritualism. The ladies of some fashionable church are pained to see their pastor in his dull black and white, while they possess the dear delight of glittering in green. They enter into a conspiracy; they subscribe for a gorgeous set of vestments; and they wonder if a somewhat more picturesque service might not be appropriate to this change of costume. If their husbands grumble against the dress of the dear man, they shelter him behind their no longer voluminous skirts. If his bishop protests against the little amusements which these ingenious ladies and their coadjutor have instituted, they buy him a new church, where he and they may enjoy the riding of their hobby in peace and holy quietness.

The musical clergyman, however, has quite unlimited opportunities for indulging his hobby. He can go through life singing, no one daring to interrupt him. When he lifts up his voice in the pulpit, it is to transform that bit of oak into a birdcage, from which shall issue melodious monotones. His multifarious duties he can accompany, at all times and seasons, in the pulpit and out of the pulpit, with descriptive music. His educated voice knows how to scold a servant in full-sounding G; he becomes affectionately communicative to his friend in F; he bewails the secession of an apostate by a sudden and ominous fall to C. Of course, nature must dictate to him the most convenient pitch for his sermons; he may not be able to adopt these sonorous tones, but may be compelled to begin his discourse an octave higher—in that shrill C which marks the cry of the juvenile oyster-seller in the Christmas pantomimes. Happy is he whose dulcet voice is deep and flowing—whose chanting of the service is a melancholy and touching wail which glides into the full response of the organ. We observe, however, that a controversy is going on just now between those who would have the plaintive sing-song regulated to a musical precision, and those who would have the clergyman choose his own pitch at random. The subject is being debated with that awful earnestness which men bring to bear upon their hobbies after they have grown so used to them that they forget their insignificance. In a certain clerical-music magazine, mention is made of an organist who has recently been delivering himself upon this point, and his advice is, that the clergyman "should not think of his F or G, but think of the plain-song and of making himself heard, without reference to musical pitch at all." The editor who quotes the passage refers to its "somewhat rash advice," and goes on to show how this very authority modifies the terrible statement:—

"When the choir respond in unaccompanied harmony, the pitch is still of importance, but this importance is partly owing to the change of note indicated in all, or nearly all, our modern books, for the priest, on the words 'O Lord, open Thou our lips,' and on this point of the service a word may be said. It is very important that at these words the pitch should not be too low, for the basses of the choir have, in the response which follows—'And our mouth,'—to sing a fifth lower than the priest's note. The latter usually tries to pitch a fifth below his preceding tone, so that the basses will not have to descend a ninth below their previous tone. Should the service have been commenced on a low note, and have sunk a little as it proceeded, this ninth below the original reciting note will be impossible to ordinary voices, and the chord in which the united and harmonious voices of the choir ought to have responded will be without its bass."

We can imagine the musical clergyman breathing more freely when he reads this passage. After all, his laborious studies

are not to be without avail. Failing a regulated pitch, see what horrors ensue! Our philosopher proceeds to comment on the relation of pitch between two portions of the service, where it is customary to alter it. He refers to the usage of "dropping to the Confession"—such is his appropriate phrase—and afterwards rising to the Absolution. He thinks it best to drop a minor third at the Confession, and to recover the ordinary note at the Absolution; and expresses a quite pathetic regret that the Absolution should be said only a semitone higher than the Confession. Now, there can be no question that this minute attention to pitch must have one good effect upon the clergyman who intones the service—it must give him something wherewith to occupy his mind. We are so much accustomed to hear the service read by a man whose whole attitude and tone denote the utter unconcern with which he is performing the duty, that when we meet a musical clergyman, and become aware of the deep concentration upon minor thirds and fifths which accompanies his clerical labours, we are bound to feel a reflected sentiment of earnestness. It is sad to think that here and there a clergyman may exist who is shut out of this region of usefulness by the want of a musical ear. Let him not despair, however. The Professor of Music at Oxford University, the Rev. Sir Frederick Ouseley, has stated that he "should be the last man to say that this incapacity rendered any one unfit for holy orders. There is plenty of work for an unmusical clergyman to do." Think of it, ye unhappy ones, who know not the difference between the "Sonata Pathétique" and one of Clari-bel's remarkable performances—there still remains much for you to do in the world, in your humble and unenlightened sphere.

The musical curate is a delicious creature. His tenderness with regard to unpleasant sounds is a mysterious quality; but he would die rather than hint that the young lady who is playing has thrice struck a horrible discord. Not even the highest musical proficiency can render him pragmatic; he would rather yield up every one of the thirty-nine articles of counterpoint than dare to differ with one of the ladies of his congregation whose drawing-room he perfumes and adorns. He is indispensable at quartet-parties. He never says a word against the opera; in fact, he has occasionally gone there himself, and sat very far back in the box, and talked resolutely to his lady friends when the grand ballet began to flutter its muslin and spangles. He is troubled by the names of many of the operas; privately thanks goodness they are in Italian; and would not for the world lend the libretto to one of them to anybody. He has himself translated the "Songs without Words" into a series of little poetical prose essays. He worships Handel above all composers, however, and expresses a mild wonder over the little reputation his favourite master has acquired in Germany. On one subject only he dares to become positive, and that is the relations subsisting between the clergyman and his organist or choirmaster. Here is the vulnerable point of the clerical Achilles. The life of a musical clergyman would be a sort of melodious dream but for the cruel nightmare of this organist. The musician may have the temper of a lamb; but do not there always lurk within him the possibilities of opposition, revolution, and anarchy? When he becomes fractious, who is to apply the curb? The parishioners may take this side or that; but a discord once introduced, it is almost impossible to recall even a superficial harmony. The clergyman's self-respect is wounded in its tenderest point; for the dispute generally arises over some musical matter, and to question his infallibility as a musical authority is to wound him bitterly. It is his hobby that in such a case brings him to grief, but he does not thereby lose his admiration for it; he will cling to the painful saddle, grasp the limp reins, and ride on even to the gates of death.

TINTING BY REFLECTION.

IN prospect of what it is feared will be a very severe winter, it is satisfactory to know that "from one to eight guineas may be easily and honourably earned per week" by any one who will attend to an advertisement which recently appeared in the columns of a contemporary. If a sufficient income is not a panacea for all the ills of life, it is nevertheless what most people in trouble seek; and the appearance of such an offer, addressed to the world at large, must have quickened the dull hopelessness of many a household with a vision of future ease and comfort. Not all households, however; for there are people who are born not to believe in newspaper advertisements. Those who have a simpler faith, and who were at all desirous of increasing their weekly earnings, must have regarded the notice in question with a glad surprise. The conditions of

obtaining this money were singularly light. The work could be done by either sex. It could be done at home. Materials were to be supplied by the philanthropic advertiser, and payment for labour was to be instantaneous. "Persons reduced" were told that they would "find advantage" from the proposal; and highest references were tendered to show that the employment was *bonâ fide* and honourable. The amazing generosity of this offer must have convinced the most sceptical of the disinterestedness of human nature; for the advertiser, instead of making use of his secret to enrich his friends and neighbours, was clearly willing to share his good fortune with the world at large. A stamped and addressed envelope was the only fee he demanded; and this stamped envelope was to be sent to "John Green, Esq., Post-office, Bedford."

Now, so far, to one accustomed to the ingenious devices for making money at other people's expense which modern English culture has suggested, the whole affair looked like an ordinary swindle. Such advertisements have not been uncommon. In these times, when one man is not ashamed to turn his hand against his fellow for the sake of a postage-stamp—when the old piratical instinct of human nature, instead of stealing a man's cattle, or assaulting him on the highway, or ousting him from his holding by a band of adherents, stoops to an ignoble instrument like the post-office in order to rob him—that old device of the "stamped directed envelope" ought to have borne a suspicious look. Experience, however, teaches only wise men, and leaves fools to repeat their folly. The offer of "from one to eight guineas per week," to be earned easily and honourably, was too tempting. People must have replied to the advertisement: idiotic human nature could not bear to throw away the chance. But while the advertisement would suggest to any constant reader of newspapers that John Green, Esq., wanted to amass a quantity of postage-stamps, such were not Mr. Green's own views. His ambition took a nobler flight. Should we have taken the trouble of calling attention to the ingenuity of a petty ruffian who had no higher aspiration than that of stamp-collecting? It is not the pick-pocket who secures a gentleman's handkerchief in the Strand that interests us; it is the gallant, witty, cheerful housebreaker who "chaffs" the judge, publishes a scientific treatise while in prison, and causes elderly gentlemen to write to the newspapers bawling the depravity of one so "gifted," and suggesting a petition in his behalf. If Mr. Green had contented himself with postage-stamps, he might have gone to his grave unhonoured and unsung; but the natural force of his genius has lifted him from this ignoble obscurity. A lady, who modestly withholds her name, was the first means of bringing Mr. Green into notice; and she, knowing the best method of publishing a man's fame, applied to the chief clerk of the Lord Mayor, and had the matter mentioned in the Mansion-house police-court. At once John Green, Esq., became known. He had not to fight his way through hosts of critics, editors, and rivals; the man's fame was instantaneous. We remember the generous efforts George Gilfillan used to make in order to bring new poets into notice; and many a time have we been chagrined by the too evident want of success which followed the attempt. We recommend him to try the police-court. Let the Mansion-house be the Temple of Fame which the gentle poet must approach with fear and trembling. There can be no doubt of the result, for in this case of Mr. Green, the lady who had kindly undertaken to "bring him out" found not the least difficulty. She forwarded the stamped envelope, and in reply she received a specimen of Mr. Green's composition, carefully printed. In this communication Mr. Green informs her that the work advertised by him in the newspapers is "The Art of Tinting by Reflection." It is an invention by means of which "most beautiful pictures can be made, without the aid of photography, paint, pencil, or crayon. It requires no previous skill, and the work is easy and very quickly done. The price allowed for it is a guinea per gross, which is sent instantly by post-office order on receipt of the work done." We receive no further information as to the nature of the work which is to be executed without the aid of paint, pencil, or crayon. But that it is easy work is considered certain. "Many gentlemen and ladies, as well as common persons, are now engaged in it." If common persons are engaged in it, it follows that no great skill is required; and the lady who wrote to Mr. Green may have been anxious to begin at once. She is then informed that all that is necessary for her to do is to forward five shillings in order that Mr. Green may send her the materials for the work, which small sum is to be returned along with the guinea in payment of the first gross. The lady forwarded the five shillings, and received in reply five half-sheets of note-paper, clean and beautiful, with the following letter of instructions:—"Madam,—Herewith I enclose you materials and instructions.

The materials will be renewed whenever you ask for them. JOHN GREEN. Draw twenty-four little and very ludicrous Chinese figures (making them form a scene) on each sheet of prepared paper. Cut them each three-parts out with knife." Such is the art of tinting by reflection. We confess our utter inability to understand it. Tinting by reflection we had considered to be the colouring of their school-boy days by corpulent gentlemen, when they enjoy their after-dinner cigar—an imaginative sort of labour, by which neither man nor woman is able to earn from one to eight guineas per week. But this tinting by reflection which Mr. Green has introduced, and for which, with the greatest kindness, he is willing to forward five half-sheets of note-paper, is to us an inscrutable mystery. We are to draw little and ludicrous Chinese figures, but how to do so without the aid of pencil, paint, or crayon? "Ach, Gott! we have it!" as Teufelsdröckh used to cry. A goose-quill is the hidden wonder. We are to take up pen and ink; Mr. Green supplies us with fresh paper; and now for the art of "tinting by reflection." What if we draw Mr. Green, instead of a little and ludicrous Chinese figure? Shall we tint that shady person? And how to picture him? We fancy we see him in his snug little study in Bedford, with a pile of letters at one end of the table before him, and with a pile of post-office orders on the other. There is a smile on his face. His forefinger is placed perpendicularly, so that the nail thereof almost touches the inner corner of his eye. There is a grin on his lips, and his right eyelid is almost closed. Shall we cut him three-parts out? No. We even forbear to tint him by any reflection of ours; for the Mansion-house disclosure will probably remove that comfortable smile from his face, and our portrait of him would then be only a caricature.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE King of Prussia, in proroguing the North German Parliament last Saturday, spoke with evident doubt as to the acceptance by the Southern States of the Prussian reforms in the constitution of the Zollverein. He was not far wrong in his forebodings. The Bavarian Upper Chamber has refused the Prussian terms, and Bavaria accordingly runs some danger of being shut out from the customs league. Previous to this decision, Prince von Hohenlohe proposed that in case the Prussian Government should refuse the Bavarian a right of veto over the resolutions of the Federal Council and the Customs Parliament, the South German States should be allowed a common veto against such of those resolutions as they shall unanimously consider to be contrary to their interests. The suggestion was immediately, imperatively, and unconditionally refused by Count Bismarck; and this appears to have determined the Upper Chamber to reject the Prussian reforms. The Chamber of Deputies, however, is in favour of unconditionally accepting the Zollverein treaty, and the other House shows signs of yielding. Wurtemberg has also accepted the treaty of alliance with Prussia.

WHILE the Emperor of Austria is being *fêted* in Paris—entertained at banquets, and amused by the evolutions of troops—the Austrian representatives at home are working bravely at the liberal reforms so sorely needed by the State. The Minister of Justice has introduced a new penal code, the fundamental principle of which is that all prosecutions are to be tried *viva voce*, in public, and by jury; and the Bill defining the powers of the Government and the Executive, and still further assuring the principle of constitutional rule, has passed the Upper House of the Reichsrath. These are great gains, and equally important is the step taken by the Reichsrath with reference to the Concordat. The principle of civil marriages is now established, and the law is to come into operation in forty-five days, instead of the longer period of three months, as proposed by the committee. The whole jurisdiction of marriage affairs is transferred from the religious to the civil tribunals. Mixed unions between Christians of various sects are allowed; and if a priest should refuse to bless a mixed marriage, the civil marriage will take place without him. We have here an admirable limitation of the despotic power which the Church has hitherto possessed in Austria.

Now that Austria is "liberalizing," Hungary seems meditating a step which looks like a bit of old-fashioned despotism, though it may be susceptible of explanation and defence. We learn by a telegram from Pesth that on Wednesday the Special

Committee of the Lower House of the Diet presented its report on the demand of the Minister of Justice for permission to prosecute a deputy with an unpronounceable name for publishing a certain letter of Kossuth's. The report urges the House to grant the required permission, and the debate on the question is to take place to-day. Kossuth, it is added, has addressed a communication to the President of the Lower House, stating that the letter was published with his (Kossuth's) full consent. How that mendsthematter we do not see; for, if the letter is libellous (which we suppose is the nature of the charge), it would clearly not be in any man's power to authorize another to publish it. It remains to be seen whether the House will grant permission to prosecute; but, unless the offence is grave, we cannot refrain from hoping that nothing will be done which might look like a desire to excite a bitter feeling against one who, in the dark and perilous days of Hungary, contended, gallantly, though unsuccessfully, for the liberty she now enjoys.

POPULAR rumour in France is again talking of the probability of a great European war, to be shortly commenced. It is even said that, in the month now beginning, the Emperor will take the command in person of a powerful army, though against whom its operations are to be conducted we are not told. These uneasy foreshadowings are probably a result of the excited state of the public mind on the Italian question. It seems also to be but too true that armaments are just now going on in France with even more than usual activity, that the Emperor is fast composing his military household, that troops and war material are every day arriving at Toulon, and that the Emperor has postponed his contemplated journey to Compiègne. All this looks ominous; but we have had so many rumours of war recently without their coming to anything that we may hope to find the present clouds blow over also, and leave the political horizon as clear as can be expected in this variable world.

It is a singular fact, of which perhaps the majority of newspaper readers are unaware, that the Emperor Napoleon III., in his youthful days, fought against the temporal power of the Popes, which he is now doing his utmost to maintain. He and his brother were actively concerned in the revolutionary movement of 1831—a movement which might perhaps have succeeded but for the intervention of France and Austria. Little, probably, did Louis Napoleon at that time think that he should himself twice send a French army to Rome to put down similar movements; or was it all mapped out in that silent, thoughtful mind? The elder brother shortly after died at Pesaro, of fatigue and anxiety; and the story goes that Louis swore to him on his death-bed that he would one day destroy the Papal power. Is this a wild romance? or is it really the truth that, while seeming to uphold the Papacy, the present Emperor has only been seeking the most effectual way to drag it down?

ONE can hardly avoid a suspicion that the escape of Garibaldi from Caprera was effected by the aid of the commander of the *Prince Humbert*, one of the blockading vessels. About four o'clock on the morning of the 15th ult., he got into a small boat with Basso, his secretary. The Liberator was disguised as a fisherman, and, as he rowed through the squadron, pulling the oars himself, he was challenged by the officer already alluded to. He replied, in Genoese *patois*, that he was going to fish on the coast; to which the easily satisfied officer rejoined, "Away then!" and in a few hours Garibaldi was on the mainland. If, when a coast is being watched to prevent the escape of a particular man, any one is to be allowed to pass through unexamined, on merely saying he is going to fish, it is clear that such a blockade is a farce. Yet, whatever may be said of the officer, there is no reason to believe that the Government connived at Garibaldi's escape, since they must have known that it would only add incalculably to their embarrassments.

TO-MORROW (Sunday) will see the last of the Paris Exhibition. Three extra days' grace have thus been granted it, the receipts of which are to be distributed among the poor of Paris. The attempt to prolong the existence of the great show for a month has thus failed, and we may therefore hope to be shortly delivered from the eternal "Special Correspondence" on the subject, which for some time past has been a vexation as well as a vanity.

THE elections which have recently taken place in Nova Scotia have gone against the party which is in favour of the

Federation of the British American colonies. The consequence of this decision has been that the Blanchard and Hill Administration have resigned, on the ground that the verdict of the country is against them. This puts an end to the project, as far as Nova Scotia is concerned: whether it can continue to exist without the help of that province, we have yet to see.

DR. MAZIERE BRADY publishes a letter from Mr. Froude, who has discovered in the Public Record Office two documents relating to the Reformation in Ireland, and bearing immediately on the conduct of the Irish bishops at that time. It is sometimes argued that as the great majority of them were not deprived, they must have conformed; on the other side it is answered that the power of the Crown did not extend beyond the pale and the seaport towns, that the Crown could not enforce the common law, much less deprive the bishops, and that in point of fact no attempt was made for many years to carry out the Reformation at all in the Irish provinces. This, again, is met by a negative. But the documents cited by Mr. Froude set the matter at rest. One is a letter from the (Protestant) Archbishop of Dublin and Sir Henry Wallop, to Walsingham, Nov. 2, 1582, explaining the origin of the Desmond rebellion. "They say that the discontent arose first from the appointment of presidents in the different provinces, which afterwards, through foreign practices, took the colour of religion, 'when, indeed, neither was Desmond, nor Clanrickard, nor any other in Ulster, Munster, or Connaught, restrained to any religion, but had free use of all Papistry, and maintenance of the friars and friars' houses.'" A month before this was written, Miles Magrath, Protestant Archbishop of Cashel, went to England to explain to Queen Elizabeth the state of the Irish Church; and he presented to her certain "motions and requests" which he desired the Council to grant. From this document it is clear, for the statement is expressly made, that the oath of supremacy was not generally exacted, and that many "officers and ministers of the law, head officers of towns and cities, principal lords and gentlemen, as justices of the peace and assizes, and prelates of the Church," were appointed to and exercised their callings without taking the oath. One of Magrath's requests is that he or some other well-affected person may have authority to administer the said oath. He complains also that "the sufferance hitherto used with friars, monks, nuns, Jesuits, and seminary Romish priests and bishops in general, is the only mother and nurse of rebellion and disloyalty in all Ireland, especially in Ulster, and in that part of Connaught where they remain unsuppressed." He asks for authority "to suppress all such abbeys and monasteries;" and, reciting that "all the livings and other spiritual promotions within the most part of the province of Ulster are wholly by the Pope's usurped power maintained and occupied by such as derived their title from him," he requests a grant of the custodian of all livings so detained, with authority to grant every of them (except bishoprics) for certain years, &c. Except to those who, as Mr. Froude says, "care only for their theories," this testimony should settle the question.

THE movement for the return of working men to Parliament is making progress, but there is great division of opinion on the part of some leading Liberals with regard to its propriety. At a meeting of the Working Men's Association, the chairman, Mr. G. Potter, announced the receipt of letters from several members of Parliament who had been asked to become trustees to the "Working Men's Parliamentary Fund." Mr. Torrens and the Hon. A. Herbert have consented. Mr. T. B. Potter approves of the scheme, but declines to be a trustee. Mr. E. Baines and Mr. Ayrton oppose the scheme; the former believing that it will excite prejudice, and perhaps prevent rather than promote the return of the best working-class candidates, and that it will be charged with dictation and forcing strangers upon constituencies. Mr. Ayrton thinks that this plan will provoke more opposition than it will receive support. But the movement has not been checked by these opinions. The chairman congratulated the meeting on the general support they had received, and a series of rules for the administration of the proposed fund was agreed to.

FENIAN lawlessness does not seem to be very seriously affected by the Commissions now sitting in Dublin and Manchester and trying certain members of the fraternity for murder. About half-past one o'clock on Thursday morning a policeman named Kearny challenged a man passing along Dublin Quay and carrying a suspicious-looking bundle. The man immediately

drew a revolver, and discharged it at the policeman, mortally wounding him in the stomach. The murderer in running away met a constable named Kelly, whom he also fired at and wounded. The ruffian escaped, and both the unfortunate policemen were discovered not long afterwards lying not far from one another, Kearny fatally wounded and Kelly injured, but not so seriously as to preclude hopes of his recovery. When an example has been made of the perpetrators, whom we have secured, of some of these outrages, we may hope to see human life a little more secure, both in Dublin and London, than it seems to be just now.

THE impudent audacity which is such a distinguishing feature among persons of Fenian proclivities seems to be of so infectious a nature that even the attorney who represents the prisoners now on their trial at Manchester has suffered from its effects. This gentleman, whose importance would not permit him to leave the advocacy of his client's cases in the hands of the counsel who had been retained, insisted upon interrupting the proceedings of the Court by challenging the jurors himself. He was informed that the prisoners' counsel could alone be heard, and that he must keep silent; but the only effect of this was to increase his boldness. At length the nuisance having become intolerable, Mr. Justice Blackburn intimated to the attorney that if he interfered again he would be taken into custody. In reply the attorney informed the judge that his remark was perfectly uncalled for, and on the next person's name being called he cried out as loudly as before, "I object on the part of Allen." This was throwing down the gauntlet with a vengeance. The next moment the offending practitioner discovered that he had miscalculated upon the forbearance of the judge, as he found himself ordered into custody, and was only released upon the appeal of the counsel whom he was instructing. It is quite as well that the Fenians and their legal adviser have to deal with a judge so thoroughly qualified to maintain the dignity of his position as is Mr. Justice Blackburn.

THE inquest touching the death of the young woman who died suddenly on the Metropolitan Railway in August last terminated on Wednesday in a verdict which must be satisfactory to the railway directors and those who travel on the line. Professor Rodgers read a report which he had made of his analysis of the air in the different tunnels, and it would appear that the air in the Underground Railway contains, if anything, a greater proportion of oxygen than is to be found in that of the Box, Birkenhead, or Wolverhampton tunnels, or at Wellington Barracks. The Professor gave it as his opinion that, although the air of the tunnels was not one which should be constantly breathed, the public might use the railway with a feeling of perfect certainty that they would not be injured. The reports of Drs. Bachhoffner, Letheby, and Whitmore confirming that of Professor Rodgers, the jury returned a verdict of "death from natural causes."

MR. AUGUSTUS HENRY WARD, a merchant of Wisbeach, has been sentenced to pay a fine of £5 and expenses, or to undergo two months' imprisonment and hard labour for an assault in a railway carriage, upon Miss Lucy Williams, a young lady who was at the time on her way from Norwich to school in St. John's Wood. This is the second time that Mr. Ward has been convicted upon the same charge; the former conviction being upon the virtual prosecution of the Great Eastern Railway Company under one of their bye-laws. Mr. Ward's solicitor has obtained a case for the Court above. We can offer no opinion on the merits. Miss Williams repeated her statement in a manner that perfectly satisfied the Cambridge magistrates. But we may say generally of such cases, that it is almost as imprudent in a man to get into a carriage where there is a solitary female, as for an unprotected female to get into a carriage where there is a solitary male.

A PERSON called Hargreaves, who is described as a gentleman living at Birkenhead, spoke lately in public on convents, and said: "A case has recently occurred near Manchester where a gentleman went to see his daughter at a convent and found she was within a few days of her confinement." Canon Chapman, of St. Werburgh's Church, immediately wrote to Hargreaves to identify the place of the scandal, but the latter, after acknowledging the Canon's note, replied that "he had named no names and should decline to say more." It is not easy to find terms to express the contempt which every man of

honour or good feeling must have for a mean bigot who tells an indecent lie without having the sense to regret it.

A PROJECT is on foot for the erection of a number of additional slaughter-houses by the Corporation of London in the neighbourhood of the Metropolitan Cattle Market. It has been calculated that an estimated outlay of £36,550 upon these buildings would produce an annual return of £1,680, and the intention is ultimately to connect these slaughter-houses with the new meat and poultry market now in course of erection at Smithfield. A wharf and other works are also proposed to be constructed near the slaughter-houses, with a view to their future communication with the Great Northern line, whenever that shall be agreed upon between the Corporation and the Railway Company. The public will welcome anything that will free the streets of London from the droves of tired-out and wretched animals that are driven through them at night.

AMONG the announcements in an Indian newspaper we find the following:—

"MOONSHEE MOOKUND LALL will be happy to instruct gentlemen in this station. His leisure hours are from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. (Sundays excepted)."

It would be interesting to learn what the working hours may be of a gentleman whose leisure time extends over so considerable a period of the day, and does not include Sunday.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD.

ON the 7th of November two very important forms of statute will be promulgated in Congregation. The first proposes to add to the present rules for the licensing of private halls a new clause. It will be a great change, indeed, if we live to see the existing ordinances respecting these private halls startled into anything like life; for hitherto this privilege has not brought many men or much good to the University. Such a hall has been heard of in Holywell-street, and another once existed in St. Giles's, under the excellent supervision of a well-known scholar, the Rev. George Butler; but even then it failed to be attractive, and the irreverent undergraduate of that day insisted that "Butler's Hall" must be a pantry, and another youthful wit added that only a few "spoons" were kept there. And even now, we believe, that there is a calm retreat beyond the St. Clements' Toll-gate, where a little company of young men reside, for whose delicate intellects the air of Christ Church and Merton has proved too bracing; a pleasant little republic enough under their president, but not exactly a republic of letters. However, not to wander too far from the original point, the new statute proposes to supplement this unattractive state of things by the following clause, which we may render with tolerable accuracy from the chaste Latin style of the statutes, thus:—"Provided also, that if any college or hall undertake the discipline and gratuitous instruction of scholars whose means are insufficient for academical expenses, such scholars may keep their terms, living and sleeping in private houses; they must keep the full number; and at the end of each term the head of the college or hall must inform the delegacy for the licensing of houses of this fact. But this privilege is not to be enjoyed unless the head of the college or hall shall satisfy the delegacy of the consent of the parents or guardians of such a scholar, of his good conduct, and of the above-mentioned claim to the privilege. When these conditions are satisfied, scholars residing in private houses shall be held to have kept their terms in the college or hall to which they belong." Three delegates are to be chosen whose duty is to be "*ædes privatas in hunc usum destinatas inspicere; inspectas et approbatas in unum annum licentiarum; licentiatas invigilare, et easdem singulis terminis visitare; licentias si visum fuerit revocare;*" and this sentence reads so well in its own native Latin, it seems sacrilegious to translate it! A further change is contemplated by a second statute. Many of your readers know that noblemen have the advantage in this University of being able to take their degrees after a shorter term of residence than that required of the humble commoner. If the new form of statute be accepted, "the University grants the same indulgence (to wit, the privilege of seeking the degree of B.A. in the twelfth term from matriculation and the eighth of residence) to other scholars as well, to whom leave shall have been given by the Head of their College to prosecute their studies for four terms away from the University, provided that no such leave of absence be

granted to any one except for the four terms immediately succeeding matriculation; and that no one be permitted to reckon his fifth or following necessary terms of residence unless in some previous term he has succeeded in passing Responsions." Now the former of these statutes carries with it some part of the lodging-house scheme as suggested by that Committee for University Extension of which the Dean of Christ Church was Chairman. The second, which is a shortening of the necessary period of residence by a return to the old system of grace terms, is the conclusion of the Warden of Merton's Committee. The two are not incompatible in any way. We will not anticipate the discussion which will take place upon these schemes in Congregation; they will doubtless secure some votes from very opposite parties, from the Liberal side as being an instalment of University Extension, and from a considerable section of anti-Liberals as likely to attract a larger number of candidates for Holy Orders to the University. At the same time voters must remember that these statutes are not quite what they seem. The first one is really an extension of the Balliol proposal to give a certain amount of gratuitous instruction, which is insidious to those colleges which do not approve of the system. The second cannot help damaging the Honour Schools, as far as we see at present, while the facilities offered to candidates for Holy Orders will not appear so great to any eyes as Dr. Pusey's and his following. Meanwhile the ground remains unbroken where Keble College is destined to stand, and the holders of the gardens which at present cover the site have a renewal of their tenure granted them after having received a peremptory notice to quit. What does this mean? Is Dr. Pusey's eager certainty coming down to the stage of "every prospect of succeeding," or is even this paling into "great hopes"? Is Keble College to fade out like John Henry Newman's Oratory? For your readers will remember how the ground for this establishment had been bought or leased, and how a site had been at last fixed upon, overawing the "Tom" gate of Christ Church, and now it is not to be. It seems that our Roman Catholic friends sat down to build their tower without counting the cost. We do not mean the cost of bricks and mortar, for we do not need to accuse members of that communion of niggardliness, but rather are inclined to point to them as examples of a noble liberality in furthering their own cause. But the bill of cost which has been presented before the Catholic hierarchy by ex-Archdeacon Manning consists of this terrible item:—"Cost of bringing young Catholics under the influence of Oxford liberalism of thought—one complete loss to the fold of the Romish Church." And this bill, certified by the Bishop of Westminster, is fatal to the whole proceeding. What a strange appendix this result will make to succeeding editions of "Apologia pro Vita Sua!" How wonderful an irony of fate that two antagonistic forces from opposite sides should unite in driving Dr. Newman from Oxford! It is not so many years since a "No Popery" cry hunted the Fellow of Oriel and Vicar of St. Mary's into the Oratory at Birmingham; and now, when he seeks to enter these classic walls once more, under the banner of the Cross Keys, he is thrust back by an officer of the army to which he deserted. Coriolanus comes back, but this time it is not the supplications of Volumnia that keep him from the city, but a suspicion in the breasts of the Volscian priests. Let us hear the reason clearly enunciated. Is it the sight of the Martyrs' Memorial? or merely the horror of intellect, and the dread of any stimulus to independent thought, which has caused this decision on the part of the Roman Episcopate? If it would serve to remove a single scruple we shall be happy to say that it is quite possible even for a Catholic young gentleman to reside his full time at Oxford without suffering from any peculiar sensitiveness of intellect, or being burdened with any thoughts at all. Still, there is a danger, no doubt.

The papers have announced pretty generally that Mr. Robert Browning has been elected a Fellow of Balliol, but this is a little more than the truth. An honorary Fellowship has been conferred on that gentleman, which is a high honour, and has in this instance been bestowed on a very eminent personage; but the distinction between Fellowships and honorary Fellowships is a very tangible one. According to some authorities, Balliol is to have a vacancy in her list of Fellows by the advancement of the Rev. Henry Wall, of that society, to the Deanery of Rochester. Mr. Wall's political views are described by a contemporary as being eminently sound; and, since he has taken work for the Conservative party, it is undeniably true.

We understand that the indefatigable captain of our volunteers is using the Fenian alarm as a new incentive towards recruiting the University corps; the idea is a happy one, but it ought to be carried out with dramatic effect, and men would

flock to the standard of the O.U.R.C. We suggest that a sentinel should parade in front of Balliol stable, which forms the armoury of the corps, while a few signal rockets might be sent up about once a week, and the doors of the stable be plated with sheet iron, and pierced for musketry, and the cry on the parade-ground would be—"Io! they come, they come!"

The parks are undergoing a little more cultivation; a second line of shrubbery is being planted on the inner side of the circular walk, and the hurdles moved to inclose all the grass land within them, though for what purpose the gods have not yet decided. When the shrubberies have grown up a little, and seem to present something of a fence against the roving ball, the cricket question can be brought on again with new vigour. We believe that if the authorities were to erect in the centre of the field a machine for the manufacture of ozone—it need not really work—its presence would be enough—they would confer an inestimable boon upon a large section of hypochondriac Oxford, which believes, or professes to believe, that the climate is so fearfully depressing, and the atmosphere so hopelessly relaxing, that to do one's work in Oxford calls for a consumption of tissue so extravagant, that nothing but the recurrence of the Saints' days, with an occasional Sunday spent down in the country, could keep any tutor or lecturer up to the mark at all. This belief in one's own debility is a creed most religiously accepted, and it is always stated most loudly about the end of the first week in term, when it is usual in intellectual circles to buy a large bottle of quinine. Many of our friends here really talk as if fate had located them off the Gold Coast or on the Dry Tortugas! We are promised one more new walk, in the shape of a branch line between Magdalen College and the parks—that is to say, a continuation of the east end of Addison's Walk, across the Cherwell by a couple of bridges, to join "Mesopotamia" just where it ends at the old King's Mill. This will save pedestrians from the dreary suburb of St. Clement's, which would be a miserable entrance into any town. The croquet-ground at the north end of the Museum is in beautiful order this term, and though the lateness of the season seems to have driven the fairer sex away from it; yet it is difficult to imagine a more enlivening spectacle than to see on some dull afternoon a group of professors flinging aside for a moment their deeper thoughts on geometry, geology, or ancient history, and knocking the balls about under the distinguished patronage of some head of a house. *Dulce est desipere in loco.*

MEN OF MARK.

No. V.

THE REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

AMONG men of mark in our country there are few better known or more deservedly esteemed than the gentleman whose name heads this article—the Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D. In Scotland, notwithstanding the strong differences of opinion existing on subjects connected with the Church, he appears to be beloved by all, even by those holding extreme views. Those of the Established Church look upon him as one of the pillars of their strength, while among those of the Free Church, even among its leaders, he can number many warm friends and admirers. In England, possibly with the exception of the Roman Catholic priests, and, be it understood, among the priesthood alone, he is much respected and beloved. He can count his friends in every religious denomination. He has his intimates among the leading clergy of the Church of England of all parties, from those entertaining the extreme of High Church views, to those holding the most Evangelical. Among the ministers of the various Dissenting communities, his reputation stands even higher than among the clergy of the Church of England. The Baptists, Wesleyans, Methodists, and the members of the Society of Friends, all press forward to welcome him, while the Congregationalists appear to claim him as their own, and eagerly offer him their pulpits. As a proof of the esteem he is held in by ministers of religion, we may mention that a few months since on the occasion of an address he was to give in the chapel of his friend, the Rev. Samuel Martin, in York-street, Westminster, although but a few days notice had been given, there were found to be no fewer than sixty ministers of different religious denominations congregated round his pulpit. Nor are his friends and associates confined solely to the ministers of religion, for he has won golden opinions from the laity of every class as well. Among literary men he is an especial favourite, not more so from his great erudition and clearness of style, than from the genial nature of his writings. At the same time it must be admitted that no small portion of his popularity has

arisen from his personal address and manners. He is courteous, though thoroughly candid, to all. He has the singular faculty, without in the least altering his natural independence of manner, of being "all things to all men," and capable of adapting his conversation to whatever class of society he may be in. As a guest, he is welcomed by all, whether at the table of her Majesty, the mansion of the nobleman or millionaire, the obscure dwelling of the poor in the back-slums of Glasgow, or the cottage of the Highland peasant.

Dr. Norman Macleod is at present fifty-six years of age. He was born at Campton in Argyleshire. Both his father and grandfather were distinguished ministers of the Church of Scotland. Of his grandfather, Dr. Johnson, a man little accustomed to lavish praises on the undeserving, says, "he was a minister whose elegance of conversation and strength of judgment would make him conspicuous in places of greater celebrity." He also appears to have been a man of a very liberal and genial temperament, strongly at variance with the asceticisms of the Puritans of the day. Dr. Norman Macleod in his "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," speaks of his grandfather as being "an excellent performer on the violin, and to have his children dancing in the evening was his delight. If strangers were present so much the better. He had not an atom of that proud fanaticism which connects religion with suffering as suffering apart from its cause." His grandson appears in a remarkable manner to have inherited his philosophy. To judge of the tree from its fruits, the Doctor's own domestic training must have been of the same description as that practised by his grandfather with his children.

"There was nothing so peculiar about it," the Doctor writes in his "Reminiscences," "as to demand especial notice. It was very real and genuine, and perhaps its most distinguishing feature was, that instead of its being confined to tasks, hard, dry, starched Sunday lessons only, it was spread over all the week, and consisted chiefly in developing the religious and domestic affection by a frank, loving, sympathizing intercourse between parents and children, by making home happy to the bairns, by training them up wisely and with tact to reverence truth—truth in word, deed, and manner—and to practice unselfishness and courteous consideration towards the wants and feelings of others."

From his earliest youth, Dr. Norman Macleod seems to have been destined for the ministry. When quite a boy, he studied the Gaelic language, and mixed as much as possible with the peasantry that he might be able to speak it with fluency, considering it probable that the field of his future ministrations might, like those of his father and grandfather, be in a Highland parish. When old enough, he was entered as a student at the Glasgow University, where he greatly distinguished himself. He was at the time a great favourite both with professors and students, and the Tory portion of the latter elected him as the president of their club. It was in that capacity that he had his first opportunity of publicly distinguishing himself. On the occasion of the celebrated Glasgow "Peel banquet," Norman Macleod, as president of the "Tory Students' Club," was invited to address the meeting. The honour of such an invitation might have been great, yet the task was a perilous one. To address with eloquence and ability a meeting comprising some of the highest and most celebrated men of the day required an amount of nerve and talent rarely to be met with in young men of twenty or two-and-twenty years of age. Norman Macleod, however, was fully equal to the occasion. His auditors, who at first listened to him with kind and (possibly) patronizing attention, soon involuntarily became interested in his address, and their interest continued to increase till he had concluded, when he was greeted with long and unanimous cheers from all present. Sir Robert Peel afterwards publicly stated at the banquet "that it was one of the most talented and eloquent speeches he had ever heard." Mr. Gladstone was present on the occasion. When Norman Macleod quitted Glasgow, he made a lengthened visit to divers of the German Universities, forming acquaintance with their principal Professors, as well as carefully studying the language. The friendly welcome he there received from all, the pleasurable excitement he experienced from the new scenes he visited, as well as the peculiar customs and ways of thinking of those he associated with, seems to have inculcated in him a love of travel, which he has indulged in to an extent rarely met with among members of the clerical profession. Few members of the "Travellers' Club" have journeyed farther than he has done. He has travelled in France, Germany, Italy, Greece, Syria, Egypt, and Russia, as well as Canada and the United States of America. He is now on the point of leaving England to undertake a journey through the British possessions in the East Indies.

After Dr. Macleod's return from Germany, he was ordained as a minister of the Established Church of Scotland. He was first appointed to the parish of Loudon in Ayrshire, but he shortly afterwards removed to Dalkeith, near Edinburgh. Twelve years since he was appointed to the Barony parish in Glasgow, by far the largest in Scotland, and was also nominated as chaplain to her Majesty in Scotland. In ecclesiastical matters Dr. Macleod, though possessing most liberal views, has always been a warm advocate of the Established Church of Scotland. At the time of the schism, which ended in the formation of the Free Church, he continued a warm advocate for the Establishment without neutralizing in the slightest degree the friendship which had hitherto existed between him and many of the principal seceders. Joined with Professor Tulloch, Dr. Robert Lee, Dr. John Caird, Dr. Boyd, and many others, he has endeavoured to prove that rather than form two separate bodies in the Church, it would be far better for all to join in reforming the abuses which existed in it, and earnestly has he, assisted by his friends, endeavoured to mould it so as to meet the views of the Free Church party, but unfortunately without success. It is pleasant, however, to notice that, notwithstanding the strong differences of opinion as to the proper organization of the Church in Scotland, the most fraternal and Christian feeling towards each other appears to exist in the minds of the leaders of both parties.

In literature Dr. Macleod has attained great eminence. All his works are admired, and many of them have obtained great reputation. One now before us, "The Earnest Student," has already run through eleven editions, and it is expected another will shortly be required. This interesting work is the biography of the late John Mackintosh, a gentleman educated for the ministry of the Free Church of Scotland. He was also brother-in-law to Dr. Norman Macleod. Although the strictest intimacy existed between the two brothers-in-law, and the task of writing "The Earnest Student" was a labour of love, its publication did not directly emanate from any family affection existing between them. It was written in compliance with an earnest requisition signed by gentlemen of the highest eminence, comprising Lords of Sessions, ministers of the Free Church of Scotland, and advocates. They rightly judged that from the close intimacy which existed between John Mackintosh and Dr. Macleod, the latter would have in his possession many documents relating to the deceased, as well as be better acquainted than most others with his habits and mode of thinking.

Dr. Macleod willingly acceded to their request, and admirably did he carry it out. "The Earnest Student" is now justly admitted to be one of the best literary productions of its class that has been produced in Scotland in the present day. It may also be mentioned that the profits of the publication, which are very considerable, are handed over to the Mission Society of the Free Kirk of Scotland. The principal other works written by Dr. Norman Macleod are "The Home School," "Deborah," "Parish Papers," "Eastward," "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," "The Starling," and "Wee Davy." Dr. Macleod is also the editor of the well-known publication *Good Words*, a magazine that before it had been established five years, had obtained an enormous circulation. Dr. Macleod was formerly editor of the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, which, though conducted with great ability, was, in a business point of view, little better than a failure. On its death, Mr. Strahan, the publisher, offered to Dr. Macleod the editorship of a new magazine. The Doctor accepted the offer, and *Good Words* was the result.

Judging from the vast amount of literary and other labours accomplished by Dr. Norman Macleod, it might at first sight be thought his clerical duties had been somewhat neglected. Such a conclusion, however, would be a most erroneous one, for it would be difficult to find a man who had laboured harder in his vocation. It would be no easy task to find a parish in Scotland in which the duties of a minister of religion are more conscientiously performed. Nor are his labours confined to his own immediate congregation. Through his instigation, and, in great part, through his own personal exertions, no fewer than seven new district churches have been established in his own parish in Glasgow. His theological tenets are those of the liberal Evangelical section of the Church of Scotland. Indeed the advanced liberality of his principles has occasionally given umbrage to many of the more sectarian portions of his countrymen. While regretting their censures and objections to his views, he has, however, kept steadily to his own doctrines. Conscientiously attached to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, he is perfectly able to respect the modes of Christian worship adopted by others. Adverse to episcopacy, he can still hold in the highest respect the theology and

teachings of the Church of England, and in return, it would be difficult to find a Presbyterian minister more cordially respected by the clergy of the Church of England than he is. The ministers of the different Dissenting denominations, as we before stated, entertain for him a fraternal affection, and he, in return, is as willing to preach in their pulpits as his own. Without in the slightest manner sympathizing with the doctrines of the Church of Rome, he can express his admiration, not only for their good works, but go so far as to praise the energy they show in carrying out what they in good faith consider to be right. He can even see much to admire in the Jewish community in England, and can point out for the imitation of Christians the care they take of their poor, the respect they habitually show to the laws, and their wonderful family affection.

Of the many religious societies and enterprises with which he is connected there are none in which he is more interested than mission work, both at home and abroad. Among the demoralized and ignorant in Glasgow his efforts have been unceasing, and the good he has done is incalculable. In foreign missions he is particularly energetic, especially the Indian. He is Convener or President of the Indian Mission of the Church of Scotland, for which he has for several years unceasingly laboured, and with excellent effect. Last year he held meetings in aid of its funds in every principal town in Scotland, and the result was that the annual income of the society was more than doubled. It is in connection with this society that he is now on the point of leaving England for India, having been unanimously requested by the General Assembly to visit all their mission stations in the East. This report, when published, will doubtless make a most interesting volume. Unfortunately, as a rule, missionary travels are rarely written by men of enlarged and liberal views, and their description, assuming them to be honest, of the success of the mission work is too frequently the state of things as they would wish them to be, rather than as they really are. From such a pen as Dr. Macleod's there is but little danger of an over-coloured report. The good which has been done will be faithfully narrated, and the prospects for the future will be carefully analyzed and calculated. Above all we may be sure that the character of the native will not be drawn blacker than it really is, to make the labour of the missionary appear in brighter colours. In this respect nothing can be more clumsy or inartistic than the ordinary run of missionary reports. From Dr. Macleod, on the contrary, judging from the well-known genial tone of his writings we shall rather expect to find he has elicited many latent or hidden good qualities in the native, and especially those which are most likely to lead in his mind to a conviction of the truths of Christianity. We shall with much anxiety await the narrative of the Doctor's journey, hoping to find in it a more faithful account of the working of our missions in the East than it has hitherto been our good fortune to obtain.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FEMALE PRINTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I am very heartily obliged by your kindness in publishing my last letter on this subject; will you add to the obligation by allowing me to supply the omission of a word consequent on the hurry of writing my letter that it might be in time for your then next issue?

I wish to be strictly accurate, and to be so I ought to have written that female compositors were employed in the "office of a country paper lately edited by me," because I was referring to my knowledge of the office in question nearly two years ago, wherein young girls may not now be employed. I then often saw girls of tender years—about ten or twelve years old, that is—stick in hand, working as rapidly and as correctly as grown men. These girls were kindly looked after by the proprietor's excellent wife, and complete order and quietness reigned in the office.

With respect to what was Miss Faithfull's establishment in Farringdon-street, but which is now conducted by Mr. W. W. Head, I may say that the work executed there by young women is exceedingly well done. I have had a great deal done there with "neatness and dispatch;" and, indeed, if there were any doubt on this point, the *Victoria Magazine*, which is entirely composited by women, would set it at rest. In printing-offices generally there is considerable prejudice against the employment of female hands; but wherever the experiment has been tried it has succeeded. What are we to do with our surplus women? That governesses' situations are not to be obtained for a tithe

of those who are fit to fill them, we have ample evidence from the statement recently made in the *Times* by a clergyman who had received in reply to an advertisement 250 answers from as many applicants! Law copying is unsuitable for women, inasmuch as legal documents are mostly required to be written at night, when young women ought to be safely housed at home; and it is scarcely decorous to send off by the shipload to our colonies *passé* women for the matrimonial market. Surely it would be a great gain to fathers and brothers—and sometimes husbands, with women dependent on them—if their female incumbrances, ill-fitted for or unable to obtain other employment, could earn a livelihood reputably at ease?

No one wishes to disparage any scheme for the good of unemployed women, but I do think, and I am glad to infer from your editorial note to my last letter, that you think with me, the printing-office is a field wherein women may help themselves, and many of them by such means avoid falling into sin, for, depend upon it, idleness is the cause of far more immorality than the inclination to do evil. If after what has been said in your columns master-printers generally shall be induced to consider the subject impartially and experimentalize, all parties concerned will be indebted to the LONDON REVIEW for permitting it once more to be brought before the public.

I am, Sir, yours very faithfully,

Oct. 28.

S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

"AUTHOR AND EDITOR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I thank you for many just and sensible remarks under the above heading in your last week's impression; and I hope you will allow me to say that the article in a recent number of *Once a Week* on the same subject, which you attribute to me, was not written by myself, but by a contributor whose papers have been frequently declined by us, but who at length, after many failures, has met with success. The main purpose of his article, I may remark, was not to give expression to any editorial complaints, but to give to youthful literary aspirants some clue to the secret of success in writing for serials.

I should be ungrateful, indeed, to the proprietors of *Once a Week*, and to a host of contributors and other literary friends, if I did not add that, heavy as is the work of editing "a magazine that invites the world to write for its columns," the labour does not at all "pall" upon me, or that in my opinion "the burden is grievous to be borne, and the bearing of it practically resultless."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

Bouverie-street, E.C., Oct. 28, 1867.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE opened on Monday night with the first of a series of performances of Italian opera, which will continue probably for the next four or five weeks. "Lucrezia Borgia" was given on the opening night, with a cast similar to that of the regular season—Mdlle. Titiens being the Lucrezia, Madame Trebelli-Bettini the Maffeo Orsini, and Signor Gassier the Duke—performances the merits of which are so well known as to require no fresh eulogy on this occasion. Not so familiar, however, is the Gennaro of Signor Bettini, who is now filling the post of principal tenor, Signor Mongini being engaged at the Paris Opera. Although occasionally a little hard in style, and wanting somewhat more modification of vocal tone, Signor Bettini's performance was one of much merit; earnest and impassioned throughout, and rising to a high degree of declamatory power in the closing scenes. His success was decided, his excellent singing of the romance from "Don Sebastian" (interpolated at the beginning of the last act) having elicited a special expression of deserved applause. For this evening (Saturday), "Faust" is announced: Margherita, by Mdlle. Kellogg, a young American lady, who has been highly spoken of for two or three years past, but who has hitherto only been heard in America.

Those light musical entertainments, the "Ballad Concerts," were recommenced on Wednesday night at St. James's Hall, and are to be continued fortnightly, for the amusement of that portion of the public which is attracted by a miscellaneous selection of detached pieces, including some good specimens of the past, and much of the namby-pamby of the present. The performances at the present series comprise also glees and part-songs, well sung by the St. Cecilia Choral Society. At the concert of Wednesday, M. Sainton played a brilliant violin solo of his own composition, and Madame Arabella Goddard gave Thalberg's "Massaniello" fantasia in a style worthy of the great pianist himself—an *encore* producing, instead

of a repetition, the same master's elaborate transcription of "The Last Rose of Summer." Mr. Benedict's fantasia on Irish airs ("Erin") was also given by Madame Goddard in the same brilliant style.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

MR. CHARLES READE'S new drama, produced last week at the opening of the new Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, under the title of "The Double Marriage," may or may not have more elements of success in it than were apparent on the first performance, but it is exceedingly weak in construction and character. It is founded on M. Auguste Maquet's "Château de Grantier," and in altering the backbone of the French original to suit what are supposed to be the more fastidious tastes of English audiences, the adapter has weakened the motives of action to a degree that makes the principal incidents ridiculous. In the French play, a young lady, who believes her lover to be dead, is induced to marry an elderly soldier to secure her mother a home. The lover returns, the old passion revives, and the husband, absent at the wars, is dishonoured. Returning unexpectedly, he discovers his wife with an infant, and the wife's sister heroically claims the child as hers, and points to her sister's lover—an old friend of the husband—as her betrayer. The two men meet on the battle-field, and the husband taxes his comrade with wronging his wife's sister, and insists that he shall repair all by marrying her. The lover, to escape from this difficulty, leads a forlorn hope and is supposed to be killed, and the husband is then made acquainted with the whole truth. When the lover returns for the second time, the husband very sensibly resigns his claim to the young lady, the first marriage having only been a civil contract. Allowing for the weakness of killing the lover twice and twice restoring him to life, merely because he is wanted, there is a certain amount of force and probability in the French play, but in Mr. Charles Reade's adaptation this weakness is very unwisely exaggerated. The illicit amour is transformed into a secret marriage to preserve the proprieties, and to allow of the marriage the husband is reported to be killed in the wars. In addition, therefore, to the lover, twice raised from the dead, we have the old soldier also raised from the dead, to say nothing of two or three minor characters, who appear to possess charmed lives. "Never say die" would be even a more appropriate title for the play than the "Double Marriage," and would have the merit of treating lightly a peculiarity in the piece which renders it ridiculous. This is not the first time that we have seen a French play spoiled by adapters who are too timid to retain the passion, intrigue, and motives of action of the original, while they retain the original action and incidents. The result is characters who appear in great agony about little or nothing.

Mr. Reade has not been altogether fortunate in the actors who have to represent this drama at the Queen's. The lover is given to Mr. C. Wyndham—a comedian who has neither grace nor romance, though plenty of talent for more eccentric creations. The heroine is given to Miss Fanny Addison—a young lady with excellent intentions, who has not, and never will have, the necessary appearance and manner for this class of characters. Mr. Alfred Wigan plays the old soldier with force, dignity, and sincerity—the latter a very rare quality on the stage, and Miss Ellen Terry is by turns playful—almost too playful—and forcible as the self-sacrificing sister, but two well-performed characters are not sufficient to uphold such a drama. Mr. Lionel Brough, a new low comedian, acted with unlaboured fun as a comic peasant and recruit, and the rest of the parts were more or less bores. The scenery, with one or two exceptions, was not good, in fact was very bad, and the opening farce, "He's a Lunatic," written, so it is said, by an eminent literary man and civil servant, was a singular example of bad taste. Madness is the joke, and nearly all the characters are named after English madhouses. The band is good—the musical director being Mr. Wallerstein—and the house is light and cheerful.

At the Holborn Theatre a new burlesque by Mr. F. C. Burnand has been produced on the subject of "Maritana," which has much pantomimic fun and a transformation scene, and is a delicate reminder that Christmas is not far distant. It is well put upon the stage, and fairly acted, Mr. H. J. Montague giving an amusing caricature of Mr. Bancroft in "Caste." The "Adelphi Guests," and one or two other theatrical celebrities are good-naturedly satirized in this piece, and the writing is not so prominent as the stage business. The practical joke of showing a lady's train about ten yards long, is taken, we think, from Gustave Doré's illustrations to *Les Contes Drolatiques*—a rich mine of real burlesque.

The "Lady of Lyons" has been played this week at Drury Lane, with Mrs. Hermann Vezin as Pauline, and Mr. Barry Sullivan as Claude Melnotte. Mr. Sullivan's Claude Melnotte is a careful performance, embodying all the traditional points, and something more, and Mrs. Vezin shows to far more advantage in Pauline than in Lady Macbeth. The play was evidently revived this week to give Mr. Phelps a few night's rest before the production to-night (Saturday) of Byron's play of "Marino Faliero."

Mr. Sothorn has returned to the Haymarket with his perennial "Dundreary," and the company is strengthened by the accession of Miss Madge Robertson. A Mr. Raymond, from America, has also been engaged.

Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Charles Reade are engaged together upon a new drama which will probably be offered to the public next Christmas at one of the London theatres. One incident in it is a somewhat peculiar marriage on a lonely island,

and another more formal ceremony which will make another "Double Marriage."

Several dramas now running have been materially altered since their first night, Mr. Robertson having partly re-modelled "For Love" at the Holborn, and Mr. Watts Phillips having made many alterations in "Maud's Peril" at the Adelphi. A new farce, by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, called "Allow Me to Explain" will be produced on Monday next at the Prince of Wales's.

SCIENCE.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

At the meeting of the French Academy on Monday last (28th ult.), M. Milne Edwards presented, *in extenso*, the memoir of Signori De Luca and Panceri, of the Faculty of Sciences at Naples, on the subject of the secretion of free sulphuric acid by mollusks. We have already alluded to the discovery of free sulphuric acid in the saliva of *Dolium galea*, a Mediterranean mollusk; but we were not able to give the details of the analysis. These, as now laid before the Academy, are as follows:—

Composition of the salivary secretion in 100 parts.

Free sulphuric acid	3.42
Combined sulphuric acid.....	0.2
Chlorine as chloride.....	0.58
Potash, soda, magnesia, iron, phosphoric acid, organic matter, &c.	1.8
Water	94.0
	100.0

The question arises, how is this free sulphuric acid secreted? The authors of the memoir in question state that the mollusk is capable of exerting a peculiar electrolytic action on the sulphurous compounds contained in sea-water.

In a recent memoir on the intensity of solar radiation, M. Soret states that it is proved by a series of observations at Geneva that the humidity of the atmosphere influences direct solar radiation. Other things being the same, the greater the quantity of vapour in the air, the less degree of radiation which takes place.

In a paper on the combinations of silicic, tungstic, and phosphoric acid, Mr. W. Skey, of the Geological Survey of New Zealand, arrives at one or two important conclusions. His researches have proved that the present mode of extracting phosphoric acid from silicious minerals is a very imperfect one. Among other conclusions, Mr. Skey states (1) that in most analysis of silicates the estimation of silica is beyond the proper amount; and (2) phosphoric acid is far more general in minerals than is commonly believed.

In reply to the recently expressed views of M. Kirchhoff, relative to the solar photosphere, M. Faye states that he still holds his own opinion, and sees nothing in M. Kirchhoff's arguments to induce him to alter the views expressed in his communications to the French Academy on the 4th March and 6th August last.

A very important essay on terrestrial magnetism has been presented to the Linnean Society of Bordeaux by M. V. Raulin, the secretary of the society.

Herr M. G. Rose has made a discovery which will interest all who are engaged in mineralogical inquiries in which the blow-pipe is employed. He has found that the opacity of the glassy bead, which is sometimes observed when the specimen has been slowly fused, and which was first pointed out by Berzelius, is due to the formation of crystals in its interior. These crystals are usually very small, and are best observed with the assistance of the microscope; but they are occasionally very large, and may be seen with the naked eye. Herr Rose has described to the Berlin Academy a practical application of his discovery, by which he was able easily to produce the three allotropic forms of titanic acid.

In concluding his series of memoirs on the structure of the extinct Mesotherium, M. Serres points out the resemblances which this animal presents to other groups. It approaches the Rodentia, by the disposition of its incisor teeth; in its general form it resembles the young Pachyderms. It is related to the Edentata, by the form of its head and limbs, and by the bifurcation of the last phalanx. Finally, its conformation of head and form of encephalon relate it to the Cetacea, to which group M. Senechal supposes it to belong. Looking at all the anatomical characters, M. Serres thinks the Mesotherium should be placed between the Pachyderms and the Rodentia; and he thus looks upon it as an extinct connecting link in the mammalian chain.

Two important essays have been published by M. d'Eichwald, one on the "Geology and Palæontology of Russia" and the other on the "Finnish Population of Russia."

M. Faà de Bruno has constructed a barometer which seems likely to be of service to ship's captains and practical geographers. It is constructed of iron, and is so arranged that it acts equally well in all positions. It is not liable to injury from shocks, and hence must be a useful instrument for nautical purposes.

In a description of the ancient flint implements found at Treiche, near Toul, M. Guérin states the following opinions:—1. The Plateau of Treiche, on a surface of at least fifty acres, was the seat of a sort of manufactory of flint implements of the same antiquity as those of Grand-Pressigny. 2. These weapons are older, judging by their form and finish, than those of the Caves of Sainte-Reine. 3. The flints found here are of the diluvial class, and are very small.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1866 IN GERMANY.*

(FIRST NOTICE)

Wars and campaigns are now almost synonymous terms. As late as the beginning of this century they were not so. Railways and telegraphs have, however, so much facilitated the rapid movement of troops, weapons have been so much improved, and the expenses of fighting have been consequently so much increased, that a single campaign is generally a whole war. The history of a war, unlike that of a campaign, does not lie within the province of military history alone. Political events are closely interwoven with its origin, its procedure, and conclusion. Before the actual outbreak of hostilities, the general who directs the army in the field is but secondary to the diplomatist, and the military administrator. Yet on the skill of the two latter depends much the success of the former. It is for this reason that the first volume of the account of the German campaign of last year which has been lately published under the direction of the Prussian staff corps, tells us little of actual hostilities. It is chiefly confined to the history of the diplomacy, and of the military preparations, which were antecedent to the outbreak of the actual contest. Of the active operations between Prussia and Austria it tells us nothing, as it concludes with the capitulation of the Hanoverians at Langensalza, which was but a preliminary of the great struggle.

The Prussian work, however even in its present incomplete form, is of great value. It shows us clearly the various steps by which an appeal to arms became necessary in order to settle the rival pretensions of Austria and Prussia to the hegemony of Germany. This rivalry actually dates from the Schleswig-Holstein war, but its seeds were sown much earlier. Ever since the kingdom of Prussia rose to the rank of a first-rate Power, a latent contest has existed between her and her imperial neighbour of the south. The quarrel for the Elbe Duchies fanned into flame the already smouldering embers. The Unity party in Germany stirred up the war of 1864 against Denmark. Not without some reason, for no impartial person who understood the question could deny that the Danish Government behaved very badly to its German subjects in Holstein. When the German democrats openly stated their intention of also severing Schleswig, which by no sound argument could be held to have any connection with the Germanic Confederation, they made an unjust attack upon the rights of the Danish crown. At the very beginning of 1864, the troops of the minor States of Germany, the Governments of which were unwillingly carried forward on the wave of popular opinion, invaded Holstein.

Prussia and Austria had hitherto held aloof. Now they found it necessary to act. Each had its own motive. Prussia had no wish to see the Elbe Duchies formed into an independent principality under the Duke of Augustenburg, as she herself greedily eyed them as a future acquisition. When Prussia placed herself at the head of a movement popular throughout Germany, Austria, for fear of losing all her influence, dared not stand aside. The great Powers acting in concert, came upon the scene, put aside the troops of the minor States and themselves undertook the German war against Denmark. King Christian, without foreign aid, and with very inferior forces, made a gallant but ineffectual resistance. He was worsted, and forced to sue for peace. Prussia and Austria, as the swordbearers of Germany, concluded a treaty with the Dane, by which the duchies of Lauenburg, Holstein, and Schleswig were ceded, not to the German Confederation, but to the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia. The crown of Denmark was despoiled; the Democratic party in Germany was cheated, but was forced to believe and hope that this arrangement was only temporary, and that ultimately the duchies would be made independent. The Prussian and Austrian Governments entered into a joint occupation of the duchies, and soon afterwards into negotiations with each other as to the disposal of their dubiously acquired spoil. The acquired territories lay close to Prussia and far from Austria. Prussia proposed that Austria should cede her rights. Austria was by no means indisposed to do so, but demanded a territorial indemnification from Prussia, to which the latter would not agree. It was not till afterwards that Austria suddenly awoke to the perception that the Elbe Duchies belonged to the Germanic Confederation. The joint government of the Elbe Duchies proved inconvenient. In August, 1865, the two great Powers entered into the convention of Gastein, by which Austria sold her rights in Lauenburg to the King of Prussia for £250,000, and it was agreed that Austria should retain the sole government of Holstein, Prussia that of Schleswig. This arrangement, which appeared to promise quiet, led to serious complications. Austria had for some years despaired of ever uniting Germany under the sceptre of the house of Hapsburg. Her aim had lately been to oppose all steps towards its integration under the Hohenzollerns. With this object, the Cabinet of Vienna had become the prop of the petty sovereigns. Every minor prince, every petty State was regarded as an obstacle to the advances of Prussia, and was supported accordingly by Austria. The present position of the Elbe Duchies seemed to afford a favourable opportunity for the establishment of another minor sovereignty. Popular feeling in Germany was, to a certain extent, in favour of the Duke of Augustenburg, not because it desired him as a prince, but because it considered

that when the day arrived for accomplishing the unity of the Fatherland, he would be a less difficult encumbrance to sweep away than any prince-ruler. Austria, willing to encourage the idea of giving over the duchies to the Augustenburg prince, allowed southern propagandists to agitate in his favour in Holstein. Prussia at once protested against this procedure, and declared it a breach of the convention of Gastein, by which it had been agreed that political affairs were to be maintained *in statu quo*. Austria replied snappishly to the effect that she should do what she liked in her own duchy, and that what she did was no affair of Prussia's. This tone of diplomacy placed the two great Powers on the verge of war. On the last day of February, a Cabinet council was held at Berlin, to which the Chief of the Staff of the army and the governor of Schleswig were called. Military matters were here discussed, and it was resolved that Prussia could not recede in the matter of the Elbe Duchies, which, divested of official language, as we can only suppose, means that she had already one duchy, and meant to seize the other on the earliest opportunity. This council, confident in the rapidity with which the Prussian army can be prepared for war, resolved that it was not as yet necessary to take any steps in the way of armament.

In Austria, however, the fact of this council having assembled raised fears. On the 10th of March a military council was assembled at Vienna, to which General Benedek was summoned. This meeting was immediately succeeded by preparations for war in Austria. At the same time, as she began to arm her own troops, Austria looked around for allies. In the middle of March a secret despatch was sent from Vienna to several of the minor Courts, which anticipated the eventual reference of the Schleswig-Holstein question to the ruling of the Germanic Confederation. It proposed that, in case Prussia in this event threatened hostilities, the four Federal corps which belonged to Bavaria, Darmstadt, Wurtemberg, and Baden, should be prepared for war, and act in unison with the Austrian army. At the same time, the Emperor's Government sent additional troops into Bohemia, and summoned soldiers on furlough and men of the reserve to join their battalions. Austria either believed, or feigned to believe, that at the meeting of the Berlin Council, on the 28th of February, orders had been prepared for the mobilization of the whole Prussian army. By the end of March the Austrians could have, within a few days, placed an army of eighty thousand men on the southern frontier of Prussia. The Prussians had at this time in Silesia, their most threatened province, a force of only about twenty-five thousand men, who were not concentrated, but, as is usual in time of peace, scattered about in disconnected quarters. Prussian statesmen considered that some defensive measures for the safety of their country were necessary. On the 29th of March an order was issued by which four of the nine regiments of field artillery were raised to their full war complement of men. The battalions of five divisions of infantry, which were stationed in the most threatened localities, were increased to two-thirds of their complement for war. Against these Prussian preparations Austria immediately protested. Prussia not unnaturally replied that they were only due to the steps which had been already taken in Austria. Count Mensdorff, in answer, said that the Austrian preparations were hardly worthy of mention; that those of Prussia were tantamount to an order for the mobilization of the army. In the latter assertion, Count Mensdorff was certainly wrong; of the correctness of the former we have no means of judging, until some authentic accounts emanate from the Austrian side. Until such accounts do appear, the world must accept the Prussian history of the war. If Austria does not consent to this history being received by the world, it is high time that she should speak out. At present she seems inclined to persevere in her system of secrecy, and to allow the judgment of universal society to go against her by default.

On the 15th of April Count Bismarck roundly told the Austrian Ministry that until their preparations were countermanded those made by Prussia would be retained. On the 18th of April Count Mensdorff proposed that on the 25th of the same month both sides should countermand all preparations and armaments, and replace their troops on a peace footing. To this proposal Prussia immediately agreed. Notwithstanding this agreement, it was remarkable that at this very time the Austrian official press assumed a more warlike tone.

On the 26th of April, the day after disarmament should have commenced, Austria proposed to Prussia to give up the Elbe Duchies to the "best entitled pretender" to them, and to leave the determination of who that might be to the decision of the Germanic Confederation. At the same time, Austria declared her intention to act alone in the matter if Prussia would not go hand in hand with her. This was not a very palatable peace-offering to Berlin, nor was a second Austrian despatch of the same date, which stated that the Emperor was willing to disarm in Bohemia, but that it appeared evident that Italy meditated an attack upon Venetia, and that consequently the Austrian army in the Quadrilateral must be prepared for war. Had Prussia quietly accepted these two despatches the result would have been that, while she disarmed, her claims to the Elbe Duchies would be adjudicated upon by the minor States, and Austria at the same time would, at her leisure, be preparing an army with which, if necessary, to enforce that adjudication—nor did it signify much to Prussia if Austrian armaments proceeded whether they took place in the north or the south of the empire? In either case a hostile force could be thrown into Silesia or Brandenburg before the Prussian army could be made ready to take the field. It was also well known in Berlin that the threatened attack of Italy on Venetia was a chimera.

* Der Feldzug von 1866 in Deutschland. Erstes Heft. Redigirt von der Kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des Grossen Generalstabes. Berlin: Ernst Siegfried Mittler und Sohn.

Italy would undoubtedly avail herself of the chance of Austria being engaged in a German war to attack her, but was far from desirous of entering into a single-handed contest with the tenant of the fortresses on the Mincio and the Adige.

Before this time Italy and Prussia had been tacit allies without any expressed treaty. The results of the Austrian diplomacy were to conclude a real alliance between Prussia and Italy. Count Bismarck declared that he saw no reasons why Austria should arm against Italy; and the Austrian Cabinet broke off the negotiations concerning disarmament. By this time the end of April had arrived. Prussia had, on the 24th March, sent a circular despatch to the minor States, in which she proposed a reform of the constitution of the Germanic Confederation. To this some of the smaller Powers agreed, and several, especially Saxony and Wurtemberg, began to prepare for war. On the 11th April, Prussia again proposed the same reform, with a similar result.

In the mean time the Austrian preparations had briskly progressed. By the beginning of May the troops in Bohemia, Moravia, and Galicia were ready to take the field. Large forces were assembled at Pesth, Laybach, and Vienna, whence they could be conveyed by rail to the Prussian frontier. Austria had begun her armaments in the middle of March; she had now got six weeks' start of Prussia. It was time that the latter should look to her harness.

A Cabinet order of the 3rd May decreed that the whole of the cavalry and artillery should be prepared for war; and that the infantry in the most threatened districts should be increased to full strength. By the 12th May this order was extended to the whole of the infantry. On the 11th May the Austrians began to move their troops from Laybach, Pesth, and Vienna towards the north. At this time the first Austrian corps was in Northern Bohemia, the second corps in Moravia, the fourth in Galicia. It was well known in Berlin that the Austrians intended to mass the greater part of their army against the Prussians, and to leave only three corps to hold the Italians on the Mincio. The Prussians therefore resolved to use all their exertions to obtain a superior force to that of General Benedek in Central Germany, and to leave only comparatively small detachments to settle with the minor Powers. The Austrians and Saxons, who, it was foreseen, would act in the same portion of the theatre of war, could bring about two hundred and sixty-four thousand men into the field; the Southern German contingents would number about one hundred thousand men, and the enemies of Prussia in Northern Germany about thirty-six thousand. The first Austrian corps had its outposts on the Bohemian frontier; behind them in a few days an army of eighty thousand men could be concentrated for the invasion of Prussia, either by way of Upper Silesia or of Saxony. By the former road a hostile army could in five marches reach Breslau, the capital of Prussian Silesia. On the latter the Saxon army lay ready to serve as the vanguard of an advance against the Prussian capital, and was only six or seven marches distant from the city, which in this direction is covered by no natural obstacle.

It would have been very desirable to have collected the whole Prussian army in one position, where it could at the same time have covered Berlin and Breslau; and Görlitz would have served well as such a point. The difficulties of feeding a quarter of a million of men collected in one place could have been overcome, had an immediate advance been contemplated; but they became insurmountable if such an assembly were to remain for a totally undetermined time in the same place, as was the case in the present instance. The concentration of the whole army on one point would also have caused the useless expenditure of a great deal of time. Only few railways, and finally only one, could have been used which would have delayed the arrival of the whole for several weeks. Berlin and Breslau, however, required immediate protection. It was absolutely necessary to form two separate armies. That this arrangement would allow a concentrated Austrian army to fall upon one half of the Prussian army was as clear as daylight. But no dispositions which might be taken could alter the physical features of the theatre of war. Had it not been necessary to respect the neutrality of Saxony (for we are now speaking of a time when war had not yet been declared, nor was even certain) it would have been easy to have quickly assembled a large force at Dresden, since the lines from the Rhine, Pomerania, and Brandenburg, meet at that point. Practically, however, these lines ended for Prussian transport at Zeitz, Halle, Herzberg, Görlitz, Schweidnitz, and Neisse. At these points, which lie along an arc of a length of about three hundred miles, all troops must quit the railway. By the 20th of May the sixth Prussian corps *d'armée*, which is the ordinary garrison of Silesia, was assembled at Frankenstein and Neisse. By the 22nd the third corps was assembled near Torgau; the fifth corps from the province of Posen was being brought by railway to reinforce the former, the fourth corps from the province of Saxony to support the latter. On the 20th the smaller States proposed a general disarmament; a proposal to which nobody apparently gave any heed. On the 27th Russia, France, and England proposed a conference; Prussia blandly agreed to send a representative; Austria rendered the proposal abortive by refusing to attend unless no questions of cession of territory were to be brought forward.

In the mean while, the railways both south and north of the Bohemian mountains teemed with trains of soldiery and *matériel*. On the 24th May the fourth corps reached the neighbourhood of Torgau. That day the sixth corps was ordered to take up cantonments round Waldenburg; the fifth corps, as it arrived from Posen, concentrated round Landsbut, where its last columns came in on

the 29th. These two corps were placed under the command of the Crown prince, and received the name of the Army of Silesia.

The third and fourth corps, assembled at Torgau, were placed under the command of Prince Frederic Charles, and named the first army. To gain the first army, the corps of the Guards marched by road from Berlin. On the 16th May, the second corps, from Pomerania, began to move by railway to join the first army, and arrived on the 5th June. The first corps was brought from Prussia Proper to Görlitz by rail to keep open the communications between the first and second army: it had reached its destination complete by the 6th June. The eighth corps, with the exception of one brigade, which was sent to Wetzlar, was brought from Cologne and Coblenz to Halle between the 27th May and the 5th June. One division of the seventh corps was left at Minden; the other division was conveyed during the same days from Münster to Halle, where it was joined to the eighth corps. They formed the Army of the Elbe, under the command of General Herwarth von Bittenfeld. By the 6th June the Prussian army was ready to take the field. The Austrians were not ready, yet the Government of Vienna ordered its Commissioner in Holstein to summon the estates of that duchy for the 11th. In consequence of this summons, which was but a step towards the recognition of the Duke of Augustenburg, Prussia declared the convention of Gastein null and void. On the 5th June, the day on which, as we have seen above, the last of the Prussian troops arrived at their points of concentration, the summons for the meeting of the Holstein Parliament appeared.

SCHWEGLER'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.*

DR. STIRLING, the well-known author of the "Secret of Hegel," has done good service in making known to English readers a work which hitherto has in our country not attracted the notice it deserves. Others beside tyros in philosophy will be glad to make acquaintance with this handbook by one of the clearest thinkers and best writers in modern Germany. Schwegler's "History of Philosophy" was originally written as an article for an encyclopædia, but in the course of five editions it has received numerous additions and improvements, of which the reader has the full benefit in Dr. Stirling's translation, which, unlike the earlier one by Mr. Seelye, an American, has been executed from the last edition. Those who are acquainted with the other works of Dr. Stirling, will be disposed to congratulate Schwegler on falling into such good hands. It would be difficult to mention any one in England so well versed in the philosophy of Germany, from Leibnitz to Hegel, as the translator of this handbook. Dr. Stirling is also a man of independent thought, fearless judgment, and a metaphysical appetite, that enjoys with the keenest relish the heavy and somewhat unpalatable systems of German speculation. The subtleties of thought and expression in which Berlin professors delight, are quite to our translator's taste. He evidently chafes under the limits of the English tongue, which resist the birth of such verbal monstrosities as are admissible in German, though we wish that he could have spared us, consistently with philosophical accuracy, even such unattractive formations as "objectivize," "particularizedness," "heterization," "intussusception," and a few others, which, for fear of frightening novices, we willingly suppress. On the whole, however, the translation is extremely readable, not to mention its remarkable exactness, which every one would expect from so profound a student of German philosophy as Dr. Stirling. He has appended several annotations and short essays of his own upon various points, which, valuable as some of them are in themselves, would be better appreciated had they been less fragmentary, and worked up in a separate volume. He is always willing and quite able to break a lance with rival philosophers, especially such blasphemers of German metaphysics as Mr. Lewes, and, in a less degree, Mr. Mill; but he could scarcely have selected a less fortunate arena for such intellectual gladiatorship than the notes, that should have been simply exegetical to a student's handbook of philosophy.

No manual, is, we believe, more highly esteemed in its own country than Schwegler's. To all the depth and erudition of Germany he adds a richness and elegance of style possessed by few of his countrymen. His work has the advantage over Tennemann's in not being written with any particular bias, or according to the terminology of any special school. Unlike the valuable History by Mr. Lewes, it is written, moreover, under a profound faith in the truth and eternal value of metaphysical speculation, while for clearness and simplicity it presents a most favourable contrast to Hegel's "Vorlesungen." It is a defect, perhaps, that our author has devoted so very little space to Scholasticism; and some notice of the course of philosophy since the death of Hegel would unquestionably have made the manual more complete; but even as it is, it would be hard to praise the handbook too highly, and we hope to hear that within a short period it has taken the place of Lewes and Renouvier in the hands of our young philosophical students.

Although, as is natural, a large portion of the volume is taken up with modern, and in particular with German philosophy, that of the ancients receives no less appreciation at the hands of the author. He has studied Plato in the original as lovingly and conscientiously as Kant and Jacobi, and we do not believe that truer

* Handbook of the History of Philosophy. By Dr. Albert Schwegler. Translated and Annotated by James Hutchison Stirling, LL.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

or more suggestive sketches of such master-pieces, for example, as Plato's dialogues, are to be found even in the fullest histories of ancient philosophy. Wherever we have tested Schwegler by reference to the originals, we have found him to be minutely correct, and even where, as in the instance of Aristotle's "Politics," his *résumé* appears inadequate, the little that is said never fails to indicate a fullness of thorough knowledge in reserve. His judgment, again, seems to us very superior to that of Hegel on many points. Some of our readers will probably remember the view of the latter respecting the death of Socrates, as merely "a tragical collision of *equally legitimate forces*"—the principle of Attic Conservatism rising against and overwhelming the modern and innovating spirit. Schwegler, we believe, is far more correct in viewing the fate of the great philosopher as "a sacrifice to the misunderstanding," as an unwarranted, violent, and unprincipled reaction, reflecting the deepest disgrace on the Athenian people.

Our author has an excellent chapter on the "Sophists"—those much talked-of and little-understood philosophers, if such they deserve to be called. He views them on every side in relation to the general life of their time and in their influence on its morals and culture, no less than in their specially philosophical tendencies, while the spiritual movement of the age from which they sprung he calls, with great felicity, the Hellenic "Auf-klärung," or "Illumination." The preceding philosophers from Thales to Anaxagoras were too intent on matter to think of mind; "the source of our knowledge they placed in the objectivity of things," as Schwegler expresses it. But with the Sophists a new principle appears, "the principle of subjectivity;" in other words, the view that things are only what they seem to each, and that no objective universal truth exists at all. It would be hard, it seems to us, to put more briefly and more truly the merits and defects of the Sophists than in our author's words:—

"The right of the Sophists is to have established the principle of free-will, of self-conviction; its unright [why not 'error'?] is to have set upon the throne the contingent will and judgment of the individual, and to have claimed that each person's will and opinion should have the decision of what is reasonable."

Against this erroneous position of the Sophists Schwegler sees in Socrates the living protest:—

"To complete the principle of free-will and self-consciousness into its truth, and by the same means of reflection, with which the Sophists had been only able to destroy, to win a veritable world of objective thought, an absolute import, to set in the place of empirical subjectivity absolute or ideal subjectivity, objective will and rational thought, this was the task which Socrates undertook and achieved. . . . This, therefore, is, as opposed to that of the Sophists, the standpoint of Socrates, and on this account there begins with him the philosophy of objective thought. That undoubtedly man is the measure of all things, but man as a universal, thinking, rational man—this is the fundamental thought of Socrates, and the philosophy of Socrates is, by virtue of this thought, the positive complement of the Sophistic principle."

Passing very lightly over mediæval philosophy and the dawn of modern, Schwegler, with patriotic interest, concentrates his attention on the development of German metaphysics, with its lofty and continuous protest against Materialism during the last two hundred years. His anxiety to reach this portion of the history of philosophy has perhaps, here and there, inclined him to do scant justice to certain thinkers of other countries. We can hardly wonder at a German professor passing over in contemptuous silence the Scotch philosophy of common-sense, distinguished as were some of the prophets belonging to that school. But Hobbes, in England, and Rousseau, in France, appear to us to have made contributions to philosophy, and to have exerted an influence on subsequent thought of importance enough to claim distinct notice even in the slightest sketch of philosophical development. Yet our author hardly ever mentions the latter, and the former he dismisses, as "concerned only with the history of political science." Perhaps, the time has yet to arrive when the psychology of Hobbes will receive its due share of appreciation; the hatred of his theology and the dread of his Materialism fully account for his unpopularity; but there is no question about the depth and originality, the clear and cogent reasoning, of his philosophy of "Human Nature," to say nothing of the position he holds in philosophy as the precursor of Locke. We cannot afford our readers any sketch of Schwegler's chapters on the Kantian and post-Kantian philosophy. They are, to our mind, the best sections of his able little book, written with the keenest, yet most independent and discriminating appreciation of the several systems and their mutual relations. To an English reader these are not always intelligible, and are rarely interesting; our author's pleasant style, and his power of seizing the central thought of each philosophy go far to make them both the one and the other.

Though we do not purpose dwelling on the translator's notes and appendices to this handbook, one of them strikes us as particularly worthy of notice, and we should have been glad to see it enlarged and published as a separate monograph. It is the "Note Conclusory," containing the reasons why Schwegler is justified in ending the "History of Philosophy" with Hegel, and not with Comte. It is mainly directed against Mr. Lewes, who, our readers will remember, contends more strongly than ever, in the recent edition of his "History of Philosophy," for Positivism as the culminating point of all previous inquiry; M. Comte being the prophet of a new era, in which science should be everything and metaphysics nothing. It might have been well for Dr. Stirling to

have acquainted himself with the "Philosophie Positive" in the original rather than through Mr. Mill's admirable article in the *Westminster Review*, before he undertook to criticise it. He would also have acted wisely in omitting certain expressions of personal prejudice against M. Comte, whom he dislikes as intensely as his admirers blindly extol. But apart from these defects, the champion of Hegel has compressed into twenty pages of a note a most spirited and telling attack on the central position of Positivism, and the alleged merits of the new philosophy. As far as we can see he has evaded nothing and misrepresented nothing, and we shall hope to see the points at issue taken up by Mr. Lewes, or some other disciple of the Positivist school. M. Comte has of late been having things all his own way. It is time that the metaphysicians should gird on their armour, and show that speculation from Thales to Hegel has been something better than "vanity." To diffuse in his own country truer views on the value of philosophy, Dr. Stirling could not have chosen a wiser course than in making so good a translation of so admirable a manual.

LAMPS, PITCHERS, AND TRUMPETS.*

MR. HOOD has written a history of preaching, and has produced a highly instructive and entertaining book—a book which will be found to be amusing by the most "worldly" people. The volume consists for the most part of lectures delivered to the students of Mr. Spurgeon's Pastor's College; these lectures partaking largely of the great virtue of careful compilation. They abound with anecdote, with apt quotation, and biographical sketches; so that the work obtains an incidental value which it might not have possessed had it been merely the result of Mr. Hood's own reflections. When Mr. Hood speaks in his proper person, he not unfrequently subsides into that aimless discursiveness which is an unfortunate characteristic of too many modern sermons. We lose the thread of the story. The preacher is content if he can keep the ball rolling with a succession of sentences and Scriptural passages which may have no possible connection. What, for instance, are we to make of such a sentence as this, which occurs in Mr. Hood's first lecture?—

"And hence, the preacher is a trumpet; the birth of the Society of Friends was in this wise: George Fox was one of the most stirring trumpets of the Church; in the power he possessed by his holy earnestness to rouse men he shows in an eminent manner what 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness' may be."

This sort of meandering and not very intelligible English may do in church, where the audience is half-asleep; but it looks rather ungainly in a book. By the way, Mr. Hood is severe upon these "unconverted pagans and Philistines," the *Saturday Review* and *Daily Telegraph*, for demanding "as the great essentials for pulpit eminence, that the ear should be tickled, and the soul put to sleep." What an "essential for pulpit eminence" is, we do not know; but we fancied the general wish of the unconverted pagans who desired some reform in the manner and matter of modern sermons was that the body at least might be kept awake. However, when Mr. Hood gets into the realm of anecdote, we forgive him everything. His first lecture includes a sketch of the preachers in the American backwoods, who seem to have been a sharp-witted race. One of them was very proud of being familiarly called Billy. When Bishop Asbury presided at the roll-call of the Conference, he said, "Why, Brother Hibbard, Billy is a little boy's name!" "Yes, bishop," said Hibbard, "and I was a little boy when my father gave it me." A Calvinistic minister once complained to this Hibbard that he had offended him by something he had said in the pulpit. "Oh," said Hibbard, "I'm sorry you took that. I meant that for the devil, and you stepped in and took it yourself. Don't get between me and the devil, brother, and you won't get your feelings hurt." Jacob Kruber was another of these worthies. Of him Mr. Hood says:—

"He lived during the days of the Revolution in America, and being called on to pray on some great public occasion, he delivered himself of the following petition:—'O, Lord, have mercy on the sovereigns of Europe; convert their souls; give them short lives and happy deaths; take them to Heaven, and let us have no more of them.' Sometimes the biter got bitten. When he lived at Lewiston he came frequently into contact with a Catholic priest, not much behind him in the use of edged tools. He met the priest one day, not as usual, on horseback, but trudging on foot: said Kruber, 'Where's your horse? why don't you ride?' 'Oh,' said the other, rather testily, 'the beast's dead!' 'Dead! well, I suppose he is in purgatory?' 'Nay, the wretched creature turned Methodist just before he died, and went straight to hell.' Old Kruber was greatly averse to read sermons—for even in those days there were readers of sermons in the pulpit. Once a youthful Congregational minister read before him; Jacob also had to follow the young man in preaching, and it was expected he would give the young brother a thrust for the use of his notes. He finished, however, without saying a word that looked towards the manuscript; but, in his concluding prayer, he uttered these strange petitions:—'Lord, bless the man who has read to us to-day; let his heart be as soft as his head, and then he will do us some good.'"

Mr. Hood speaks of a congregation who thus wrote for a preacher:—"Be sure and send us a good swimmer;" the reason for the application being that "the district was full of bridgeless streams, and the last minister had been drowned because he could not swim."

* Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets. By Edwin Paxton Hood. London: Jackson, Walford, & Holder.

We have also heard of a congregation in Ireland who had to furnish themselves with leaping-poles in order to reach their church, which stood in the centre of a bog.

Mr. Hood traces in a very admirable way the growth of that mannerism of illustration which is peculiar to sermons. His history of this subject is, to a certain degree, necessarily analytic, for he was instructing a college of young pastors; but it is also ingeniously adorned by quotation. It is singular, for instance, to read the following passage as having been uttered by Chrysostom, when, without previous knowledge, one would almost certainly have laid it at Mr. Spurgeon's door:—

"Let me beg you to arouse yourselves, and to put away that sluggishness of mind. But why do I say this? At the very time when I am setting forth before you the Scriptures, you are turning your eyes away from me, and fixing them upon the lamps, and upon the man who is lighting the lamps. Oh! of what a sluggish soul is this the mark, to leave the preacher and turn to him. I, too, am kindling the fire of the Scriptures: and upon my tongue there is burning a taper, the taper of sound doctrine. Greater is this light and better, than the light that is yonder. For, unlike that man, it is no wick steeped in oil, that I am lighting up. I am rather inflaming souls, moistened with piety, by the desire of heavenly discourse."

The drolleries and eccentricities with which many of the old preachers endeavoured to excite the attention of their hearers are well known to all students of literature. Many of these conceits are of the happiest kind; but very frequently they are—or they now appear in our eyes to be—excessively ludicrous. Mr. Hood quotes one or two of the sayings of Daniel Burgess, who must not be confounded with that other "preacher of God's Word," Mr. Anthony Burgess. Daniel Burgess once said to his congregation, "If you want a suit for a year you may go to Mr. Doyley; if you want a suit for life you may go into Chancery; but if you would have one to last for ever you must go to Christ Jesus, and get the robe of His righteousness to clothe you." A much more humorous saying, however, is recorded of him. After the accession of William, he is reported to have told his congregation that "the reason why the people of God who descended from Jacob were called Israelites was because God did not choose that his people should be called Jacobites." Occasionally, indeed, this desire for quaintness of illustration was productive of the most rampant absurdities. Here, for instance, is a passage from a sermon preached at Whitehall, in which the preacher likens a woman to a ship:—

"But of the Qualities, a Woman must not have one quality of a Ship; and that is too much Rigging. O! what a wonder is it to see a Ship under sail, with her Tacklings, and her Masts, and her tops and top-gallants; with her upper Decks and her Nether-decks, and so bedecked; with her Streamers, Flags, and Ensigns, and I know not what; yea, but a world of wonders it is to see a Woman created in God's Image, so miscreate oftentimes and deformed, with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that he that made her, when he looks upon her, shall hardly know her, with her Plumes, her Fans, and a silken Vizard; with a Ruff like a Sail; yea, a Ruff like a Rain-bow; with a Feather in her Cap, like a flag in her Top, to tell (I think) which way the Wind will blow. *Isaiah* made a propher in the third of his Prophecy, to set out by enumeration the Shop of these vanities; their Bonnets, and their Bracelets, and their Tablets, their Slippers, and their Mufflers; their Vails, their Wimples, and their Crisping-pins; of some whereof if one should say to me (as *Philip* sometime said to the Eunuch), *Understandest thou what thou readest?* (*Acts viii.*) I might answer with the Eunuch again, *How can I without a Guide?* that is, unless some Gentlewoman would comment on the Text."

We have lingered so long over these oddities that we can only briefly refer to the other contents of the work. Mr. Hood, as we have observed, illustrates his doctrines upon the method and subject of sermons by biographical essays, which are in themselves of an exceptional value. Chrysostom, St. Bernard, Puritan Adams, Christmas Evans, Frederick Robertson, Pusey, Manning, Newman, Spurgeon, the Abbé Lacordaire, and Thomas Binney are successively the subjects of these sketches, which, it must be confessed, show a genuine and rare liberality of appreciation. Those brief essays on Frederick Robertson and on the Abbé Lacordaire are particularly remarkable for their fine sympathy and frankness of tone. We could have wished that the lectures had been somewhat more carefully revised, to prune redundancies and vagueness of expression; but as the book stands it is a creditable work to one whom we should be sorry to miss from the field of literary labour.

M. DE BARANTE.*

THE talented lady who has given an English dress to M. Guizot's biography of his friend, says truly that "there is something deeply interesting in the mere fact of this memoir of a man of eighty-four, compiled by another nigh upon eighty, who with him has sailed through the same stormy seas, and writes as if he, too, felt already the calm and perfumed airs blown forward from the Invisible Land." But the memoir has another interest, upon which the only drawback we can find is that it is too brief. M. Guizot has given us glimpses of his friend's life in the various public employments which he filled, and has modestly enough allowed the autobiogra-

phical portions of his memoir to stand out in preference to the biographical. Of both we should have been glad to have had more, and M. Guizot need not have omitted his eloquent summary of M. de Barante's labours as an historian, to make room for a few extracts from his works. But we say this solely in regret, and not at all in condemnation. When we have noticed the rare fault that the memoir is more limited than we could have wished it, we must add that both in build and tone it is a model for works of the same class. Very rarely, however, shall we find such a subject for a biography, and such a biographer. M. Guizot strikes the key-note of this tribute to his friend's memory by recalling the procession which, on the 26th of November, 1866, followed M. de Barante to his grave. It was composed of public functionaries and simple citizens, rich men and poor men, tradespeople, labourers, and mechanics, together with relatives and friends, many of whom had come from a great distance—in all more than eight thousand souls—following "silently, through a lengthy road, in cold and gloomy weather, a corpse which was being carried from the château of the village to the village church." The merits which commanded this demonstration of "respect, affection, gratitude, and sorrow," were not those of a man high in power, or who had played a great part in the eyes of the world. M. de Barante had all his life been a man of moderate principles, not at all likely to attract public attention, holding to his views whether they were in or out of favour with the Government or the people, and who had more than once sustained an unpopular cause, and remained faithful to it under the severest trials. The reason for the public sympathy which drew that multitude together to honour his coffin, must be sought in other than the ordinary sources:—

"The first and most apparent cause was, doubtless, the fame of his well-known mental superiority. He was one of the rarest spirits of his age. His intellect was at once lofty and flexible, solid and delicate, practical and refined; free-thinking, yet reverent and wise; capable of serious study, yet alive to all literary and social enjoyments. It had been tested by the most opposite forms of brain-work: in politics as well as literature; in long labours of the pen, and rapid, lively conversation. To all these mental qualities was united a moral character—upright, steadfast, faithful; independent without rudeness; most kindly and gentle at the core, though externally there was often a piquant mixture of exactingness and banter in both his words and opinions. It is the misfortune, often the fault, of great mental superiority that it wounds those who contemplate its display, and excites even among indifferent people envy and dislike; but when, this superiority once established, its possessor gracefully abdicates all domination on that score—when at last comes death, disarming it for ever in this world, and uplifting it to a higher sphere, it regains all its rights and all its advantages, and finds once more not only the favour of the public, but the justice of the irritable and jealous-minded. As, even before his death, M. de Barante had found. Already he had reaped the reward of his many virtues; popular opinion had placed him in his just rank, and not a single recriminatory or even dissenting voice marred the sympathy which was poured out over his grave."

M. Guizot finds yet a stronger reason for the universal regret which France manifested at M. de Barante's death. He had witnessed and shared the seven successive régimes that have been the lot of our neighbours since 1782, the year of his birth. Through the trials, the changes, the corruptions of that period—through the deceptions, pretensions, cowardice, and rashness of individuals and parties, there has existed the party of good sense and morality, composed of honest men of moderate opinions, "who desire to see all lawful rights respected, and look forward to the development, at once regular and free, of all the healthy forces of the human race." M. de Barante belonged to this party, and devoted himself to it from his earliest years throughout his whole life. This moderation and honesty were conspicuous in all the acts of his life as well as in his writings. But we leave the consideration of his character, noble as it is, to glance at some of the historical personages of whom he had good means of forming an opinion, and with regard to whom we have in this memoir the impressions of his clear and vigorous judgment. Of Napoleon in 1814 he writes:—

"But the most obvious sign of an ominous future was not so much the state of mind of entire Europe, as of that of the man who had subjugated it; a mind whose vocation was obviously to establish nothing solid and lasting. Forgetful of the true interests of France; clever, doubtless, in instituting order and regularity in the administration of his empire, but always occupied in preparing projects of war and conquest, he is for ever proposing immense and chimerical schemes, less in the hope of realizing them than because they afford employment to his indomitable activity, carried away by the impulse and habit of warlike feelings. His marvellous faculty of command, his quickness and certainty of observation, the keenness of his intellect, and, above all, the grand argument of success, had caused those around him, those who were dragged by him into movement and action, to forget the thoughts they had about him three months before. But it was impossible this should be the case with those who did not live under the close shadow of his influence, and who had leisure to observe them without being disturbed in their reflections concerning him. In France, whether by the bulletins of the Grand Army, or through the notes of the *Moniteur*, the war appeared under an aureole of glory. But the ancient friends of liberty still maintained their own opinions and their own doubts. The few partisans of the legitimate Bourbons preserved their old aversion, and regarded the empire as a phase of revolution; they knew not how to criticise or to predict anything. But the mass of the nation at large was filled with pride at the dazzling grandeur of France, and conceived a sincere admiration for the Emperor; yet

* M. de Barante; a Memoir, Biographical and Autobiographical. By M. Guizot. Translated by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." London: Macmillan & Co.

even they began to detest a war of the termination of which they instinctively despaired."

The speedy fall of the Empire did not astonish M. de Barante. He had foreseen it, nor did he consider that he need throw up his prefecture; but on Napoleon's return from Elba he at once sent in his resignation. After the Hundred Days he again took office, was summoned to the Chamber of Peers, and filled successively the posts of ambassador at Turin and St. Petersburg. It is interesting, after the astonishing changes which have taken place in Italy, to go back to a period before Charles Albert ascended the throne of Sardinia. This is, perhaps, the portion of M. Guizot's volume in which we are inclined most to regret its brevity. How different might have been the present state of Europe had Austria recognised the hopelessness of permanently ruling over a people whom no oppression could crush, and no concessions conciliate. "All that has been said of the Italian antipathy to Austria," writes M. de Barante to General Sebastiani, "comes far below the truth. It is the most complete separation that can be imagined. I have seen Paris occupied by foreign armies—a remarkable sight, but nothing compared to what one sees at Milan. It is not only the middle and lower classes who manifest this repugnance and distantness; there is not a man in Milan whose hatred to the Austrian Government has been lessened by any marks of favour shown to himself or his family." But though these strong feelings were not as yet united with any definite objects, it is singular to find M. de la Tour, the Sardinian Minister of Foreign Affairs, expressing himself to the French Minister to this effect:—"May God preserve us from all interventions!" Charles Albert was at this time (1831) Prince de Carignan, and M. de Barante prophesies of him that "he will inherit, pure and simple, the inert rule of his predecessor." Three months later he came to the throne, and we find M. de Barante, in 1832, taking a different view of his ambition, in a sketch which deserves to be reproduced:—

"At bottom he is without any conviction of any kind. Devoid of active malevolence, having no pleasure in afflicting anybody, he yet knows not the meaning of confidence, affection, attachment. He dislikes and despises mankind, and loves disparaging conversations on the subject. As to principles, he has no longer any faith in them; he applies a sort of discouraging contempt to everything and everybody; ten years spent in constraint and dissimulation have accustomed him neither to take pleasure in actions nor to hold faithfully to convictions. . . . Certain ideas of enlarging his dominions, of attaining to the kingdom of Italy, have occupied his imagination; though grown dimmer, they are not yet dissipated; they may become hopes, which will lead him to rest on our friendship. He spent his youth in France; he is well known there, and he wishes to keep up his good name; all that is done amongst us arrests his attention, and is almost his principal interest. At the same time, he regards with visible rancour the revolution of July, which is in his eyes an affront and a danger to all royal races. He lives in fear, not only of propagandism, but of all liberal ideas; our newspapers and our parliamentary orators alike irritate and displease him. Not to clash against us, to risk no quarrel with us, and yet to hide every demonstration of good understanding which is not quite indispensable—such is the combination, more by chance than calculation, between his politics as a sovereign and his personal impressions; added to which is his excessive self-love—his love of rule, and his fear of being less a king than other monarchs, or of Sardinia being treated as an inferior sort of Power."

M. de Barante's estimate of the character of the Emperor Nicholas was equally exact. He describes him as a man resisting all kinds of extraneous influence, seldom listening to other people's ideas, and scarcely comprehending them unless they coincided with his own; whose opinions were absolute, and incapable of any variations with regard to foreign politics; but who, in all that concerned Russia and its internal government, showed a remarkable mixture of wilfulness and prudence, despotism and good government. But here we must close our notice of this memoir, not, however, without a word of well-merited praise to its translator.

NEW NOVELS.*

It is evident that the author of "Cometh Up as a Flower," is capable of taking advice, for her present story is, comparatively speaking, free from the faults which provoked so much hostile criticism in the case of that which she first published. Both of them appeared originally in the columns of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and "Not Wisely, but Too Well," appears to have been written before the other. It would have been as well if this had been mentioned in the work itself, for the similarity which exists between the character of its heroine and that of "Cometh Up as a Flower," may make some readers imagine that its author has been repeating herself. The theme of both of the stories is an unwise and disappointed affection, and in each the leading character is a girl whom love has the power of sending into almost mad raptures, and who, under its influence, is capable of performing the wildest and most unreasonable of actions. In each story, also, the greatest stress is laid upon the strength and stature, the thews and sinews of the hero, and a great deal more is said than is at all necessary about his "vine-tendril hair," the "stately column of his throat,"

* Not Wisely, but Too Well. By the Author of "Cometh Up as a Flower." Three vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

The Shadow on the Hearth. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel. Three vols. London: C. J. Skeet.

the "knotted muscles" of his arm, his deep chest, and his broad shoulders. Kate Chester, the lady who loves too well, is a beauty of the irregular kind, her nose being slightly turned up, and her hair inclining in hue to red. But she is so bright and animated, and her figure is so charmingly proportioned and so provokingly plump that she wins all hearts, and almost reduces her commonplace sister, Margaret, to despair by carrying off from her all her admirers. Unfortunately for her peace of mind, she gains the affection of a Colonel Stamer, and in return she gives him her whole heart. The chief merit of the book—and it is very great—lies in the description of her love, of the joy with which at first it thrills her whole being, of the fierce restlessness which it brings upon her afterwards when disappointment begins to overshadow it, and, lastly, of the blank despair to which it surrenders her when all hope of its being rewarded has past away. There is remarkable vigour in the pictures which the story contains of the different phases of her unfortunate passion. They may be exaggerated at times, and their colouring may not always be quite natural, but at all events they are forcible and original. There is true power in the account of Kate Chester's devotion to her lover before she finds out how false and selfish he is, and still more in that of her desire to sacrifice herself in order to please him even after she has discovered the truth. At the time when he is making love to Kate he is linked to a wife whose existence he keeps a profound secret, and yet he has the cruelty to lead the unsuspecting girl to suppose that he is going to marry her. At last he tells her the truth, and proposes that she should desert her family, give up her friends, abandon her good name, and go away to live with him in dishonour. At first she refuses, and the scene is admirably represented, but some time afterwards she all but consents, actually setting off on a journey with the intention of meeting him; but on the way her good angel interferes to save her, in the person of a clergyman, whose character is very pleasantly drawn, and whose arguments have the power to deter her from carrying out her mad undertaking. She is rescued, but life seems to her no longer worth having, especially after her heathenish lover has died in her arms from the effect of an accident, so she gives herself up to charitable occupations, and eventually hails with pleasure the summons by which death calls her away from a world which has no charm for her. One of the most uncomfortable effects of the story is that it leaves an impression upon the mind that if she had sinned she might have been very happy, whereas, by being virtuous, she excluded herself from all chance of enjoyment. This is a dreary conclusion to draw, and in such a case as Kate Chester's it surely is not a true one. The fault seems to arise from the author's dwelling too much upon the effect which a thwarted passion may have upon the mind of a sensitive and impulsive girl. Life, in reality, has many interests, and it is seldom that any mind, however much under the influence of one idea, can long continue to ignore them. But to a writer, sitting in a lonely study, and brooding over the sorrows of an imaginary heart, it is easy to lose sight of all the shifting threads which make up the web of human life, and to keep in view only the one dark line which marks the progress of a romantic and ill-starred attachment. One in so apt, in allowing the fancy free scope, and permitting the imagination to create strange pictures at its own wild will, to give undue prominence to the working of a sentiment which in the world of fact would perhaps never attract much notice. An author is so liable to the temptation of putting himself in his hero's place, and hastily jotting down as actual occurrences what are really only impressions made upon himself by imaginary influences, brought to bear upon the frame of mind in which he happens to be at the moment. He feels wearied of life, for instance, while he is meditating over the career of one of his characters, and so he tinges with the passing gloom of the hour the whole existence of that unfortunate individual. In reality, such an air of romance as that with which Kate Chester is invested seldom lasts long. Time, as it passes, gradually dissipates it, until those about whom it used to hang can scarcely remember even what it was like. When all around is commonplace, they often try to recall its vanished charm, even at the expense of a transient pain. This is the main use of those tokens of a dead love which are hoarded up in so many a desk and secret drawer. The image of the owner of that lock of hair, of the giver of those withered flowers, of the wearer of those shrivelled gloves, may have passed away from the mind in its ordinary mood; but these relics serve to bring it back again, and so they are often valued as agreeable provocatives of a pleasing tenderness of heart, long after the sentiment which led to their being preserved has died a natural death. Their possessor perhaps cries over them a little at times, but he feels the livelier for it afterwards. The funeral baked meats may depress him for a while, but he recovers his spirits for the pippins and cheese which follow. Kate Chester, in real life, would probably have got over her malady; but in romance it may be permitted to her to sorrow on unto death. And certainly her story is all the more pathetic and interesting for the obstinacy of her grief. If it had been more strictly true to nature, it might have lacked the power, which it now undoubtedly possesses, to arrest the attention and to touch the feelings.

After the passion of "Not Wisely, but Too Well," the love-making in Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel's story of "The Shadow on the Hearth" appears somewhat insipid; but, whatever may be thought of its quality, no complaint can reasonably be made of its quantity. Three or four distinct couples of affections are recorded in its pages, and throughout their chronicles there is no lack of either the romantic or the pathetic element. Agatha and Milly Denison are the daughters of an eccentric artist, who disappears one day from

his home, and does not return to it until nearly twenty years have passed, never having favoured his wife in the interval with any token of his existence. The former, and elder of the girls, is a haughty and self-willed beauty; the latter is like unto many other model young ladies as depicted in stories with a purpose. Agatha becomes engaged to the son of a Mrs. Standish—the Hon. Mrs. Standish we should say, for she is seldom spoken of in the book without being favoured with her title in full—and eventually marries him, in spite of his evidently being eccentric in the extreme. She learns that at a tender age he fell desperately in love with a lady, who first accepted and then jilted him, and that, although his love has long since turned to hate, he cannot help constantly thinking about her. After his marriage with Agatha, Mr. Standish conducts himself very well for a time, but at last, after being worried by several minor annoyances, and having been subjected to the ordeal of an interview with his lost love on the summit of Langdale Pikes, he behaves in so wild a manner that Agatha discovers she been induced to marry a madman. Milly, in the mean time, has been wooed and won by a lover who appears to be perfection itself, but before her marriage with him has had time to take place, a very beautiful young lady from France makes her appearance, and informs her that she is her sister. Her father, who before this period has returned to his long deserted home and found all forgiven, admits the truth of the new-comer's story. It seems he had married that young lady's mother during his absence from his native land, but he excuses himself by assuring Milly that his heart did not go with his hand. Milly is a good deal puzzled by the explanation, but she accepts Theresa as a sister, and does all she can to make her happy. Naturally enough she is rewarded by having her lover taken away from her by her fascinating relative. A most affecting scene takes place between Milly and her betrothed, in which he clasps her hand convulsively and sobs over it "as she had never heard any man but her father sob." He confesses that he has fallen in love with Theresa, but he explains that he recognises in his feeling "a mad infatuation, which will speedily pass away, and be as if it had never been." Also that Theresa is a child, "who will easily forget a first prepossession, the result of circumstances rather than of deliberate choice." Finally, he implores Milly not to allow his transient delirium to deprive him of her love, which he assures her he has never in his heart undervalued, nor to separate "the lives that have so long flowed calmly and blessedly together." But she will not listen to his pleading, and he is obliged to go away in a state of great mental depression, from which he is, apparently, never able to rouse himself entirely, although he marries Theresa and goes a good deal into society. We need scarcely say that Milly finds another and a more constant lover, so that she is able to contribute her share to the universal happiness amidst which the story concludes. Agatha's husband has by this time become as sane as affectionate, and Mr. Denison, cured of his roving habits, has settled down into his proper position of paterfamilias. On a story of this kind anything like serious criticism would be misapplied. It is told pleasantly enough, and with thorough good feeling, but there is nothing in it which is unusually striking or original. Perhaps, however, we should make an exception in favour of a few passages, one of which we may quote as a specimen. It is taken from the speech which Agatha addresses to Lady Stonhurst, the object of her husband's early love, when that lady pays her an unwished-for visit soon after her marriage:—

"'Lady Stonhurst,' she said, and the veins in her small, white throat, testified painfully to the effort every word cost her—'Lady Stonhurst, I must beg you to understand, once for all, that I look upon your visit, whether intended for Mrs. Standish or for myself, as an unpardonable and most unladylike intrusion. If, in my natural astonishment at so glaring an instance of heartlessness and bad taste on the part of a reputed gentlewoman, I lose my presence of mind for a minute or two, I can regain it without prompting or encouragement from you. It is not because I married Cecil Standish that I will tamely submit to be put down and insulted under the flimsy veil of soft and specious words, by the woman who once shamefully jilted him. I speak plainly; but I am not an aristocrat, you see, and my manners consequently lack the repose that graces the manners of that exalted class. You will not care, at any rate, after my unpolished reception, to prolong your visit—Mamma!' turning her quivering face for an instant upon her mother—'Might I trouble you to ring the bell?'"

THE MAGAZINES.

THIS month's *Fraser* commences with an article upon Voltaire considered as a theologian, a moralist, and a metaphysician. In the first pages of the article, which throughout is most thoughtfully written, the positive and negative sides of Voltaire's religious creed are put side by side. In the review of Mr. Kaye's "Lives of Indian Officers," the writer glances at the different histories of India that have been published, and points out that a history of British India worthy of the subject is a want that has still to be supplied. Mr. Kaye is given credit for a considerable knowledge of the times upon which he writes, and for a conscientious desire to be accurate; but he is very properly censured for the affected mannerisms which disfigure many portions of his work. "The Birds of Norfolk" is a review of the "Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn," edited by Mr. William Bray, and of a work on Norfolk birds, with remarks on their habits, migration, and local distribution, edited by Mr. Henry Stevenson. The writer of the paper, "The New Rebellion in America," is of opinion that the effort of the South to resist the laws, which is likely to come sooner or later, will be followed by a general confiscation; that those who will rise in arms will be banished, and those who remain will be

hirelings and beggars; and that the resistance offered by President Johnson, and the spirit he has rekindled in the South, leaves but one step to be taken—the entire extermination of the late Southern masters. It is quite as well to add that the views expressed in the article are not those of *Fraser*, but of the contributor. The article, however, does convey the opinions of the extreme Republican party in America. "The Conservative Transformation" is a spirited attack upon the intrigues, false pretences, and blundering which distinguished the Government during the last session. "Modern Verse-Writers" is an article devoted to those minor poets of whose productive powers we are unpleasantly reminded by the fact that in the year 1865 as many as 275 volumes of verse were published in the United Kingdom.

Two new novels are commenced in this month's *Macmillan*: "Realmah," by the author of "Friends in Council" (which appears to be a satire in the form of an allegory), and "The Chaplet of Pearls," by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." An article on "The Athanasian Creed," by "Presbyter Academicus," is the most substantial fare in the number. It traces the origin and history of that creed, and advises that it be erased from the Liturgy and omitted from the Articles of the English Church, on the grounds that it is uncertain, if not suspicious, in its origin; that its leading expressions are ambiguous; that it is prone to convey to minds unacquainted with the phraseology of the Schools unworthy notions of the God-head; that it has at all times occasioned scandals; that it has largely shared in fomenting the divisions between East and West; and that its rejection would be a proof of our desire for the unity of the Christian Churches. But the writer fears that in the present temper of the clerical, and especially of the episcopal, mind, "any concessions to the claims of reason or charity" are hardly to be expected; in which case, "some even of our existing prelates may live to see the State without a national religion, and the Church a narrow sect." Mr. F. T. Palgrave contributes a poem called "The Reign of Law," which is too argumentative for verse, though clever as a piece of ratiocination. In marked contrast with this solemn utterance is Mr. Frederick Locker's trifle, "Rotten Row," of which we wish we could say it had anything to recommend it. Mr. J. Goodall gives us Part I. of what promises to be a very agreeable set of papers on Dulwich College. Professor Seeley discourses on "English in Schools," and laments the general want of an intimate knowledge of the English language; and Mr. Thomas Hughes ("Tom Brown") writes a pleasant paper on the Paris Exhibition, in which he contrives to put a new gloss on a very threadbare subject by his good humour and good spirits.

The probable effects of the Reform Bill on the strength of parties is the subject of a rather long article in *St. Pauls*. The writer, so far from adopting the opinion which certain statesmen hold, or pretend to hold, that the mass of the people will become Tories, inclines to the view that the great majority of the working men of the country will be found in the Liberal ranks, and that the chances are, that many of those who are now Tories will be found there also. He also enters into the legislative changes likely to ensue upon the assembling of the new Parliament. "The Tourist at Home" is rather a seasonable paper, although perhaps a little too late. The writer finds fault with those who go on repeating assertions about the charms of English travel which they know at heart to be false and groundless, and he sensibly points out that the home-life of England, which offers so few means of enjoyment to the traveller, is just one of those reasons why people should prefer to spend their holidays away from our shores, in places where there is less home-life, but more public recreation. The other articles are "The Decay of the Stage;" "The Military Armaments of the Four Great Powers;" "A Sheffield Workman's Week Excursion to Paris and Back for Seventy Shillings;" and "About Hunting" and "Glass Houses." The two serial novels, "All for Greed" and "Phineas Finn, the Irish Member," reach their seventh chapters in this number.

The discussion which has been carried on in the newspapers relating to "Circe" and Mr. Babington White, will give a more than usual amount of interest to the "Remonstrance to the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*," contained in this month's *Belgravia*. This remonstrance comes from Thackeray's Captain Shandon; and, whoever Mr. Babington White may be, there can be no question, at all events, as to the sex which Captain Shandon has assumed on this occasion. Our contemporary is accused of being, not a "journal written by gentlemen for gentlemen," but a "bundle of cuttings from other papers, garnished with flippant and frivolous comments, and little carping spiteful paragraphs, and prurient harpings upon subjects that decency best reproaches by decent avoidance, and sham letters from sham correspondents, all breathing the same malignant feeling against some one or some thing respected by other people, and, to give spice to the whole, an occasional forgery." The Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is also twitted upon his keen sense of honour, which permitted him "to record the experiences of a spy who did not disdain to represent himself as a man upon strike, and who did not scruple to hob-and-nob with deceived journeymen tailors in order to give the world at large, and the master tailors in particular, the benefit of that knowledge obtained by that petty treason." The "Remonstrance" is amusing enough, but it is sadly deficient in information. If Captain Shandon, instead of talking nonsense about "a crusade against a lady," had only told us who Mr. Babington White is, he would have made out a better case against the newspaper he attacks, or a worse one. "Horse-shoes on Church-doors" is devoted to a description of the custom which formerly seems to have existed in Devon and Cornwall, of nailing horse-shoes upon church-doors. To the article is appended a ballad relating to the two horse-shoes nailed on the doors of a Devon church, and written by a master of the Exeter Grammar-School early in the present century. Mr. Walter Thornbury's series of articles upon the London Parks reaches Hyde Park, of the history of which a very interesting account is given. "A Fort-night in Corsica" and "The Romans at Home" are agreeably written, and the present state of affairs in Italy lends a more than usual degree of interest to the latter article.

In *Tinsleys' Magazine* for November we have, under the title "Save Me from My Friends," the confessions of an unsuccessful author, whose first contribution to literature, consisting of a three-volume novel, was rejected. When we remember the sort of stuff that we generally meet with in the fiction of the present day, these three volumes must have contained very inferior matter indeed. "Back to Town" is a seasonable description of the aspect which home frequently bears to the wanderer after his autumn vacation. It is accompanied by a very good illustration, "The Seaside—Season Over." "The Disadvantages of Convalescence" is an earnest and vigorous appeal on behalf of those of the poor who are forced from their necessities to resume labour after severe illnesses and before their strength has been restored. The articles upon "Ladies' Hacks and Hunters" and "Shooting" are evidently written by gentlemen well acquainted with the subjects upon which they write. In the latter article the writer describes the old and modern style of partridge shooting, and evinces a decided preference for the former. The poetry in *Tinsleys'* has hitherto always been very good, and the verses "By the Fire" quite maintain the reputation of the Magazine.

The *Contemporary Review* opens with a long article on the writings of Dr. Norman Macleod, in which a very elaborate estimate is formed of the moral and intellectual powers of that celebrated divine and popular author. His works are for the most part highly praised, though the limitation of their excellence arising from the writer's Calvinism is pointed out. As a writer of fiction within the sphere of Scotch life, the doctor is described as taking up the work where Scott left off; and, as a preacher and platform speaker, his success is said to be owing to his bringing with him "a wealth of personality, of sympathy, of life, which, not being strained through any artificial filter of rhetorical trick, works with mighty effect upon the common fibre of humanity." The Rev. Mr. Benham, in his review of the Boyle Lectures for 1866, on the subject of "Christ and Christendom," seems to admit that the sceptics of the present day have made some very formidable inroads into the ancient faith, and that it is only "through the deep and varied witness of the Catholic Church from the beginning" (we need hardly explain that by this expression he does not mean Romanism) that the faith has been saved at all. "When," he writes, "we begin by assuming the truth of the belief, and then try it by every test—its reasonableness, its practical effect, the impossibility of opposite theories—then all attacks will prove vain. But if it be dealt with apart from Church history, and subjected to purely critical analysis, it will soon yield to that universal solvent, and we shall be hurried away into despair." This is certainly a very lofty way of dealing with the difficulty, and we doubt if any but high Churchmen will care for it. The paper is followed by a second article on M. Vianney, the curate of Ars, to the first of which series we alluded last month. We have next some further remarks by the Rev. E. Miller on "The Public School Latin Primer." Mr. Peter Bayne criticises the materialistic and pagan tendencies of the poetry of Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne, and contends for the necessity of a deep religious faith, and of an ample recognition of Christianity, which he thinks is gaining strength every day, even in these questioning times. The Rev. W. L. Blackley compares the old folio on which Bishop Percy founded his "Reliques" (the folio recently printed by the Early English Text Society) with the modern-antiques which Percy gave to the world as old English poetry, and shows how superior are the original to the cooked-up versions which so delighted our ancestors. The bishop no doubt spoiled a good deal that he touched; but it is certain that the work would never have been so popular as it was, or exercised so great and so healthy an influence over modern English poetry, had it been originally issued in its uncouth and tattered form. Part VII. of "Ancilla Domini," and "Notices of Books," conclude the number.

The *Month* pleads for the higher education of women, in an article on "The Intellectual Training of Ladies"; sketches the lives of Canning and Wellington in the fourteenth of its papers on "English Premiers"; continues its "Scenes from a Missionary Journey in South America"; traces the "Early Years of Lamennais"; and translates from the Latin of Father Gerard—an English Catholic priest of the sixteenth century—what is described as "A Narrative of the Days of Persecution." It seems we are to have several of these old records of the Protestant fanaticism of earlier days, and we are not inclined to dispute that a sufficiently dreary collection of religious cruelties may be thus produced. The good taste of such a proceeding, however, is very questionable; and it is a dangerous game for Catholics to play, seeing how much might be urged in reply with respect to their own tyrannies. The least said about such matters the better by those whose hands are far from clean. The other articles are Part I. of "Giuseppe, a Corsican Story," and a paper on "Wild Sport in the Jungle," with which, happily, theology has nothing to do.

The *Cornhill* has, as usual, some admirable essays to accompany its serial story. Among the most interesting in the present number is one on "Shooting Stars, Meteors, and Aerolites." The paper on "The Satirists of the Reformation" is also excellent. Then we have Part III. of the amusing "Jottings from the Note-Book of an Undeveloped Collector,"—a picturesque sketch entitled "By the Seaside in South-east Africa,"—a rather wandering paper on "The Regrets of a Mountaineer,"—a quaint story called "Jack the Giant-killer,"—and a poem by Mr. G. A. Simcox on "Joan of Arc," with an atrocious illustration, in the most extravagant pre-Raphaelite style.

In the *Broadway* for November, "Brakespear" continues to maintain its interest. It is followed by an article by Mr. Robert Buchanan, upon Walt Whitman, containing a good deal of interesting matter concerning the American poet, whose writings are at the same time criticised with considerable thought and ability. The critics are again criticised; the musical critics, and especially the gentleman who represents the *Times*, being on this occasion somewhat severely attacked. "Running Down to Brighton" and "The Broadway, New York," may almost be regarded as companion articles. In each, most of the gossip that could be collected with reference to the place is presented to the reader, and is accompanied by pleasantly-written descriptions of the localities. Mr. Burnand's "Second Thoughts"

reaches its tenth chapter, and continues to be very amusing. The poetry in this month's number is confined to two pieces—"Edith," a very agreeable little piece; and "Love's Looking-glass," a barely readable one.

The *Dublin University Magazine* reviews Mr. O. T. Hill's "English Monasticism," which, considering that a large part of the work originally appeared in the pages of this Miscellany, seems superfluous. Another paper on Balzac, some more "Fireside Stories of Hungary" (very fanciful and amusing), an article on Aytoun (in which Mr. Theodore Martin's life of that humorist is highly praised), and two continuous novels, make up the contents of the number.

In *Once a Week* for this month we have the first four chapters of a new story, "The Squire's New Keeper," by Mr. J. D. Fenton, interesting, well written, and equally well illustrated. "Carlyon's Year," a novel of considerable interest, reaches its thirty-first chapter. Among the other articles, all of which are well selected, are a capital sketch of Seal-hunting in Cornwall, and a paper by Mr. E. Walford, full of antiquarian interest, and containing some neat word-painting, called "A Summer Day at Beaulieu."

Abyssinia occupies such a place just now in public attention that almost anything written upon the country would be sure to find readers. The *St. James's Magazine* has taken advantage of the circumstance, and reproduces, under the title "Abyssinia, Mythical and Historical," a good many travellers' tales, beginning even before that very unreliable authority, Sir John Mandeville. It is almost unnecessary to say that Prester John is introduced, and made much of. "Birthdays" is a poor subject and an uninteresting article. "Thomas Hood" is a review of the poet's writings, and bears indications of considerable industry on the part of the writer; the extracts are most judiciously selected.

London Society also has an article upon Abyssinia, and describes the experiences of Mr. Henry A. Burette, who had the misfortune to fall into the clutches of King Theodore. The writer gives us, in the King's own words, the terms upon which he would be willing to release the English captives:—"My empire reaches to the sea, but my harbour, Massowah, is in the hands of the infidels. As soon as the British Government arranges a cession of this harbour to me, by war or by peace, or provides me with the arms and ammunition requisite for taking it by force, I will set Ras Cameron free and at liberty." "The Private Life of a Government Office" is a title, the meaning of which is by no means clear, but the article to which it is the heading is an amusing one. The department is one apparently in frequent communication with the outer world, and the epistles which occasionally come under the notice of its officials (some of which are reproduced here) are very funny. The Magazine has a fair share of its usual light stories, and the illustrations to the present number are decidedly an improvement upon those in its predecessors.

We have received No. I. of *Hanover Square*, a Magazine of new copyright music, edited by Lindsay Sloper. The idea of devoting a periodical entirely to music is not altogether new, but we must commend the admirable start made by *Hanover Square*. Jules Benedict's opening sketch for the pianoforte is a charming piece of composition, full of light and colour, and agreeably reminiscent of Mendelssohn, without being a mere copy of that master's style. The allegretto movement is sparkling and fresh. Mr. Arthur Sullivan supplies a setting of Mr. Tennyson's "What Does Little Birdie Say?" and Mr. Sydney Smith a drawing-room caprice. "Bessie Bell" will please young ladies who like the "Won't-you-tell-me-why, Robin?" style of ballad. Mr. Sloper has offered a varied and clever programme in *Hanover Square*, and we wish our melodious contemporaries the success it deserves.

In the November part of *Cassell's Magazine*, there are the opening chapters of a new serial, entitled "Poor Humanity." This novel promises to be very interesting, and the illustrations are capitally executed. Here, too, the Emperor of Abyssinia has a paper devoted to him. The other articles and stories are all more or less interesting, and very well written.

We have also received the *Victoria Magazine*, the *London, Our Boys' Magazine*, *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, *Good Words*, the *Quiver*, *Cassell's Illustrated Almanack* for 1868, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *Playhour*, *Tommy Toddlers' Comic Almanack* for 1868, and the *Farmers' Almanack and Calendar* for 1868.

SHORT NOTICES.

Medical Patents. A Letter on the Patenting of Inventions in connection with Medicine. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P. Reprinted from the *Medical Press and Circular*. (Trübner.)—In this pamphlet the well-known advocate of the ice-bag as a therapeutic agent reprints a letter which was published in the *Medical Press and Circular*, but was rejected by the *British Medical Journal*. Dr. Chapman brings two charges against the profession—one of completely ignoring his theory by declining to discuss it; and the other of attempting to ignore him by excluding him from its societies. In point of fact, Dr. Chapman is at war with the faculty on a point of etiquette, or, as those who consider the question a grave one would say, a point of ethics. It is a recognised principle among medical men that the patenting of inventions relating to the treatment of disease is objectionable, and tends to lower the dignity of the profession. Dr. Chapman has invented and patented a peculiar form of bag for the application of ice to the spine, and for this offence an effort is made to taboo him. To go into the matter fully would involve a greater space than we can afford, for it would require a discussion of the whole principles of the patent protection. But, admitting that patents are justifiable, we see no rational grounds on which the profession can object to the steps Dr. Chapman has taken. Of course, the traditions of the faculty, the spirit of conservatism, and so forth, all tend to oppose the patenting of medical instruments; but beyond these motives of prejudice we see no logical objection

to the practice. Medical men urge that if a physician patents an instrument, he has the power of unduly promoting the sale and use of his invention. This is, however, an assumption, and one which involves (a) that the practitioner is unconscientious, and (b) that his efforts in an unfair direction would escape detection. Till this assumption can be shown to be true and to be of general application, we hold that Dr. Chapman's view is unimpeachable. The analogy which Dr. Chapman induces between the patenting of an apparatus and the registration of a copyright is more apparent than sound, especially in its application to the point at issue. The dishonest practitioner may advise his patients to employ an instrument of his invention, but he can hardly do much to promote the sale of a book. It certainly appears hard and unfair that the fruit of a man's brains should fall into the hands of a trader—as in the case of Dr. Richardson's unpatented spray-producer—and that the original inventor should be rewarded with barren honour alone. It seems to us, therefore, that Dr. Chapman's arguments are in the main perfectly reasonable; and we cannot but think that the medical journals have displayed a feeling quite out of accordance with the true spirit of the press in refusing insertion to Dr. Chapman's letter.

A Book about Dominies, being the Reflections and Recollections of a Member of the Profession. (W. P. Nimmo.)—The Dominie who has written this book must be a sensible schoolmaster and a capital fellow. He sticks up for boys. He likes them. He believes in the innocence, simplicity, and faith of boyhood, and he denies that they are more disposed to evil than their elders, but he abhors young gentlemen. He looks with disgust upon the youth of fourteen who abandons "hockey" and "dab," aims at the possession of several pairs of peg-tops, finger jewellery, and a watch-chain, and affects the society of young ladies. Even among boys, however, the Dominie has his favourites; but with whom would not a boy of this stamp be a favourite? "We have all read in the story-books of the frank, merry boy who never tells a lie, gives away everything that belongs to him, sticks to his friends through thick and thin, almost likes to get punished, and has his liking frequently gratified. This character, more or less modified, is commoner among boys than the critical readers of these story-books suppose. Many Dominies don't appreciate him at all, but I have always cherished such a sympathy with the joys and sorrows of boyhood, that he is rather a favourite of mine. I have him in my class just now—his name is Harold Douglas. A curly-haired, brown-faced, light-eyed fellow, he is always laughing. When he gets a thrashing—which is often—he comes up laughing, and though for a moment after the infliction he may look a little sobered as he clenches his hand inside his trousers' pocket to deaden the pain, as soon as he catches the eye of one of his cronies his face breaks into a smile, and when I next look at him he is grinning more merrily than ever." We have found the Dominie and his boys very pleasant companions, and wish our space permitted us to make a longer stay in their society.

Everybody's Year-Book, 1868. (Sold by all Booksellers.)—In addition to the usual almanac matter, this book gives us, for sixpence, a variety of pleasant scraps, and a perfect treasury of anecdotes about authors, actors, artists, doctors, lawyers, soldiers, sailors, and dogs. The following about Curran is a fair sample of the bulk:—"Curran was once engaged in a legal argument; behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take Orders. The judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law, 'Then,' said Curran, 'I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the Church, though, in my opinion, he was fitter for the steeple.'"

LITERARY NOTES.

BY THE TATLER.

A CORRESPONDENT who writes to tell me that Lord Derby's "Iliad," with additional translations, is about to be published in a cheap form, and that therefore "his lordship's Liberal conversion would seem to be thorough," is informed hereby that the truly "noble" earl, who certainly never dreamt of carrying his politics into the Republic of letters, gave away the copy-money, or any money that might accrue through his book, to Wellington College, and that a Derby Prize, for the best, noblest, most open, just, manly, and most-beloved boy—if there be any such (selected by his fellows)—receives the prize of £50 each year. We were at a speech-day thereat, when no one was thought worthy to receive the prize—and, perhaps, the openly acknowledged absence of such a one did more honour to the boys than would his presence. At any rate it enhanced the value of the prize, to succeeding prize-men, in more ways than one. Perhaps my correspondent will acknowledge that his lordship was "liberal," even before the Reform Bill. I quite agree with the writer quoted, that the news of a cheap "Derby-Iliad" will be welcome to many readers who admired but could not procure the expensive edition.

When Mr. Pickwick was unjustly imprisoned in the Fleet at the suit of Mrs. Bardell, and by the agency of Dodson and Fogg, Mr. Weller, senior, suggested to his son a short and easy method of escape. This was that Pickwick should be removed in a "pianner," with hollow legs for him to breathe through, and "no vurks." The "Merrikins," added Mr. Weller, "will never give 'im up as long as he's money to spend. Let the gov'ner stay there till Mrs. Bardell's dead

or Dodson and Fogg's hung, and then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikins as'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough." It is presumable that young Mr. Dickens, who then wrote boldly and without that reticence which is too frequently induced by success, meant to satirize Mrs. Trollope by the last clause of his sentence; and it is to be hoped that his new book, which will "pay all expenses, and certainly a great deal more," will neither be too reticent nor too severe. Let them say what they will, the Americans pay the greatest deference to the opinion of great and good Englishmen; and Mr. Dickens is one who can do admirable service, but he must not be afraid of speaking the truth. While he is over there, he might possibly do something, in connection with American authors, in favour of an "International copyright,"—for which not only the best authors, or, indeed, all authors in America are anxious, but for which the best American publishers have expressed an ardent desire. With those publishers, either on this or that side of the water, who live by "conveying" the copyrights of others, one can have no sympathy.

The son of the chairman of the Dickens Dinner, the Hon. Robert Bulwer, better known as "Owen Meredith," is announced in Chapman & Hall's list as author of two fresh works—"Chronicles and Characters," poems in two volumes; and "Lucile," a reissue of a poem, which he had better have allowed to die, with twenty-four illustrations by Du Maurier.

The Rev. Alexander Dyce has completed his second edition of Shakespeare, by the issue of a complete glossary, indispensable to the Shakespearian scholar. Why does not Mr. Dyce, following Messrs. Clark & Wright's example with reference to their Cambridge Shakespeare, give the world a cheap one-volume issue of his accurate text? His present volumes, from their high price, are out of the reach of humble students, and there is no reason why a cheaper edition should not be found remunerative.

M. Michelet's sixteenth and last volume of the "Histoire de France" (just out), treats of the reign of Louis XVI.

A new monthly publication is announced with the title of "The City Clerk." The cheap-dinner question, it is supposed, has supplied the need for this professional (?) organ.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son, publishers of New York, deserve a medal from the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. They have sent to Japan a cargo of *ten tons* of school books, *i. e.*, "moral" spelling-books, reading-books, and the like, all to be shot on to the tender brains of the hapless youth of Japan. Putnam, jun., is also said to be about visiting Japan to found a Japanese-Yankee schoolbook-publishing house. The preliminary *ten tons* is a tolerable first instalment.

The history of the little principality of Monaco, by Mr. H. Pemberton, is announced as just ready for publication. Shall we have homœopathic doses of information anent this Lilliputian kingdom? What will Mr. Pemberton say of its army, that can be counted on one's fingers; or of its fleet, that the lowest of figures can number? Let us not be impatient; *nous verrons*.

Dr. Constantine Simonides, the notorious forger of spurious antique MSS. in Syriac, Coptic, Greek, &c., has died of leprosy, at Alexandria. This misguided genius came to England a few years ago with a large collection of papyrus scrolls, and similar treasures, discovered, as he declared, in the recesses of Asia Minor and surrounding countries. His clever detection by a leading functionary of our leading institution is doubtless fresh in the minds of most readers.

We may say of the *Times* as the little doll's dressmaker said of her friends: "I know your tricks and your manners." The gallantry of that paper is overwhelming; it has always some lady novelist to lavish its praises upon. Three columns and a portion of a fourth did it set apart for the reviewing of "Gardenhurst," by Anna C. Steele. No doubt it is very flattering to Mrs. (how does the reviewer know she is not Miss?) Steele to occupy so much of the space of the first European journal; but why are the hard-workers, the men who are not new to the literary stage, the true *litterati*, to be kept in the background? Is it lest their stronger luminaries should eclipse the phosphorescent gleams of the modern sensationalists? Far be it from us to say that Mrs. (?) Steele's novel is not good—be it good, bad, or indifferent, three columns' space is too much to devote to a novel, when so many better and more important books are waiting for a notice.

The Abyssinian literature is progressing. Writers seem to think, with the father of John Stuart Mill, that the best man to write about a country is the man who has never seen it. Let us, therefore, be prepared for a literary Abyssinian invasion. Mr. Henry Dufton's "Abyssinia" is, however, a narrative of a journey through the country, which promises individual experience of that mountainous region.

Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh, have in progress:—"Hippolytus and Irenæus," for their Ante-Nicene Christian Library; Rev. M. White on the "Numbers of Daniel and the Apocalypse;" Rev. Dr. Forbes' "Analytical Commentary on the Romans;" new edition of Rev. J. B. Heard, "On the Tripartite Nature of Man;" "Delitzsch's Commentary on Isaiah;" "A New Commentary on Ezekiel," by Professor Hengstenberg; "History of Protestantism," by Professor Dorner.

Mr. E. Rich, editor of the *People's Magazine*, has a table volume of pleasant reading in preparation, entitled "Hither and Thither," a collection of holiday sketches, illustrated with choice engravings on wood. The contents will include an account of the recent discovery of the remains of Alfred the Great at Hyde Abbey.

Messrs. Bemrose & Sons announce for early publication a series of short political memoirs, comprising statesmen since the peace of 1815. It is from the pen of T. E. Kebbel, Esq., and will illustrate the drift of the political history of England during the last fifty years.

We are requested to state that the E. Walford who has compiled the "Life of the Chevalier Bayard" is not Mr. Edward Walford, M.A., and not even of the sex of that industrious editor, genealogist, and translator. The young authoress who has made her *début* in this new series deserves a warm and ready recognition.

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 Aunt Louisa's Keepsake. 4to., 5s.
 Bartlett (W. H.), *The Nile Boat*. New edit. 4to., 10s. 6d.
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 Children's Prize (The). Edited by Rev. J. E. Clarke. Vol. for 1867. Cr. 4to., 1s. 2d.
 ———— *Poetry Book (The)*. 16mo., 3s. 6d.
 Cox (E. W.), *Digest of Criminal Law Cases*. Feap., 6s. 6d.
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 Eltze (F.), *The New Table Book; Pictures for Young and Old Parties*. New edit. 4to., 21s.
 Freemason's (The) *Calendar and Pocket Book, 1868*. 2s.
 Gardenhurst: a Novel. By Anna C. Steele. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Golding (Dr. B.), *The Origin, &c., of Charing Cross Hospital*. 8vo., 6s. 6d.
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